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THE BOAT OF MY LOVER.

BY MRS. D. M. CRAIK.

O boat of my lover! go softly, go safely,
O boat of my lover! that bears him from me,
From the homes of the clachan, from the burn
singing sweetly,
From the loch and the mountain he'll never-
more see.

O boat of my lover! go softly, go safely;
Thou bearest my soul with thee over the tide.
I said not a word, but my heart—it was break-
ing;
For life is so short, and the ocean so wide!

O boat of my lover! go softly, go safely,
Though the dear voice is silent, the kind hand
is gone;
But oh! love me, my lover, and I'll live till I
find thee,
Till our parting is over, and our dark days are
done.

Beneath the Sea.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

IF the thirst for gold had been less strong, no one there could have failed to revel in the beauty of the scene; for now in that ever-increasing heat of the morning sunshine, the black mystery of the forest seemed to be swept away, and they gazed upon a belt of wondrously tinted green, and leafage of every variety and shape, seen beyond a narrow strip of golden sand, while sometimes, where rock took the place of the sand, the strange tropic trees waved right over the sea which washed their roots. So close were they at times, that the very veins of the great leaves could be traced, and the beauty of the various tints and lovely flowers of parasitic growth which climbed up and then hung down their great trumpet-shaped bells with lavish prodigality to swing in the hot breeze, was reflected in the little creeks and inlets of the coast.

Wilson was in raptures, and wanted to form an expedition directly to go in pursuit of the gorgeously-feathered birds that came down to the edge of the forest, and then, uttering strange cries, flitted back into its shades. John Studwick looked earnestly at the leafy paradise, with its brilliant blossoms, and longed to lie and dream away his hours in the delicious shade, and even the doctor ceased to watch intently every motion of Bessy Studwick, and gazed with delight at the beauteous scene.

But there was the adverse side to the beautiful picture; for here and there in the inlets, black, rugged, weird-looking forms could be seen lying apparently asleep on the sand, but ready to scuffle back into the water on the vessel's approach—alligators, looking as dangerous as loathsome. There were dangers, too, in the sharp edged rocks, around which the pale blue sea rose and fell so placidly; and a score of times it seemed as if the schooner's planks must be pierced by the sharp points that were so threateningly near. Always, however, in the most threatening times, a turn of the wheel sufficed to send the graceful vessel clear, and so skilfully was she handled, that Captain Studwick grew more satisfied on that point, as he felt doubts of Oakum's other knowledge grow stronger every hour.

His doubts were shared, too, by Dutch and Mr. Parkley, and it was very evident that he was at fault, for Pollo was severely snubbed upon several occasions when he hazarded a remark, and the men began to talk in whispers as they saw the schooner retrace her path again and again.

"Can't you find it, Oakum?" said Dutch, at last, as he dragged his eyes from the group composed of his young wife, Bessy Studwick, and her brother, all seated in the mellow shade cast by an awning; for the sun was now sending down a shower of silvery white-hot arrows upon the deck.

"Don't you be in such a mighty fuss, Mr. Dutch," was the tetchy reply. "These here things aint done in a hurry. I'm a-working as hard as ever I can. It's hereabouts somewhere, on'y the bearings don't seem to be the same."

"Can I be of any assistance to you?" said Dutch.

"Yes; just get of the way, sir. There, be smart ahead there. Be ready to let go the anchor when I cry let go."

As he spoke, he gave the man at the wheel an impatient look, took the spokes in hand himself, ran the vessel in towards the shore, then gave the word; there was a dull splash, the chain rattled out through the hawse-holes, and was stopped: the sails flapped and shivered in the gentle breeze, and the schooner softly swung round, with a motion hardly perceptible, till she lay with her head to the current, now so slow that its effects on the vessel could hardly be seen.

"Is this the place, then?" cried Mr. Parkley, eagerly, as he ran to peer over the side, where half the men were already similarly engaged.

"No, 'taint," said Sam, crossly, as he let go the spokes, and, taking off his straw hat, began scratching his bald head in a vicious way. "It's somewhere about here, but the bearings is altered. There were four tall cocoa-nut trees on a bluff, and you had to bring them in a line with a bit o' rock sticking out o' the water like a wet monkey, and they're gone."

"But are you sure this was the piece of coastline?" said the captain, rather sternly.

"Course I am. This is one o' the places, and there's two more—one on 'em ashore, 'bout fifty miles from here."

"Had we not better try that first?" said Dutch.

"What's the good o' your talking like that, sir, when you've brought diving things o' purpose to go down? No, I aint half done yet. Here, I've finished my bacca. Some 'un lend me a bit."

The mate handed him some, and Sam stood staring about, while the men were evidently laughing at his failure.

"Think, Mass' Oakum, sah—"

"No, you don't," said Sam, who wanted some one on whom to vent his spleen. "You don't think, and you never did think, and never will with that thick skull of yours. So hold your tongue."

Pollo held his tongue, put all the little nose he had in the air, and stalked off with great dignity to his galley.

"What do you propose doing?" said Captain Studwick.

"Lower down the jolly boat," said Sam, after indulging in another good scratch.

This was immediately done, and with four men at the oars, and Dutch, Mr. Parkley, the captain, and Oakum for freight, they pushed off from the schooner.

Oakum took his place in the bows with Dutch, and then, directing the men to row very softly as he directed, they went slowly forward over the limpid waters.

"You keep a good look out over the side, Mr. Dutch Pugh," said Sam, "and I'll do the same. It's so clear that you can see seven or eight fathoms down; and if you see anything particular, give the word, and we'll stop."

Heedless of the blazing sun—which, however, made their task very easy, lighting up, as it did, the clear waters below—they zigzagged for hours in all directions from the schooner, seeing below groves and trees of coral of the most wondrous tints, among which darted and played fish banded with gold, vermillion, and azure, silvery-sided, olive, green, and blue of the brightest and every tint. Great shells, almost as gay in color, were slowly kept in motion by their inhabitants as they crawled over the many hued rocks. Shoals of fish played amongst the moving seaweeds, and then flashed away like some brilliant silver fire-work, as the shadow of the boat approached them, its shape being plainly seen on the sand below; and on every side new objects of beauty came into sight. Treasures of natural history there were of every kind, but not the treasure they sought; and at last worn out with heat and disappointment, Mr. Parkley proposed that they should return.

"What an opportunity," thought Dutch, as, after a growling protest, Sam Oakum seated himself in the bottom of the boat and began viciously to cut off a wedge of tobacco—"what an opportunity we have given those on board for a rising, if there are any suspicious characters there." And then his heart leaped, and his hand involuntarily sought his pistol, as he thought of his wife and the danger to which she would be exposed.

"Suppose," he thought, as he shaded his eyes with his hand, and gazed at the distant vessel, "those two scoundrels should assume the command, and set us at defiance, we could never get back on board."

He shuddered as these thoughts gained stronger power over him, and looked from one to the other; but it was evident that no such thoughts troubled them, for as the oars of the four sailors lazily dipped, and made the water flash and sparkle, he could see that his companions, listless with the heat, were leaning back and troubled more with disappointment about the failure.

"Look here, everybody," said Sam suddenly, in a voice that, heard in that wonderful solitude, made every one start. "I'm not beat, you know, not a bit of it. Them there ships is to be found—what's left of 'em—and I'm going to find 'em."

"I hope you are, Oakum," said the captain, quietly; "but don't boast. The first effort has not been a successful one."

"I never said as I'd find 'em the first time," said Sam, sharply. "'Taint likely as a man's going to sail a ship thousands 'o miles and put her right on the spot. You wait a bit."

No one answered; and, to Dutch's great delight, they were soon back on board, to find everybody half asleep, and no sign whatever of danger; and, though far from being disposed to greet his wife in the old way, he felt, in spite of himself, obliged to say a few kind words, as she pressed forward to meet him, her eager eyes telling of her joy to see him back. Then he shrank away with a frown, for it seemed to him that the mulatto was watching them curiously, though the second time he glanced at the man he was busy arranging a brightly-colored kerchief over his head, before leaning back against the bulwark with half closed eyes.

Nothing had taken place in their absence, and a dead calm had fallen. The heat was excessive, for not the faintest breath came from land or sea; but the beauty of the surroundings seemed to have its effect upon all, even to the lowest sailor; for as the evening came on, and the stars were lighted aloft, there was a dreamy delight in the darkening forest ashore, where fire flies flitted; and once more strange whisperings, rustlings of trees, and splashes in the water were heard. But they did not excite the superstitious dread of the previous night; and at last, when most careful arrangements had been made by Captain Studwick to guard against internal and external surprise, watch was set, and the silence of death seemed to fall upon the schooner.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PROTECTORS OF THE TREASURE.

THAT night passed away quietly enough, after a discussion as to future proceedings, when it had been decided to leave Sam Oakum to his own devices; for they were so solely dependent upon his success that it would have been folly to interfere.

"It was easy enough at Ramwich to talk about sweeping the sea till we found what we sought," said Mr. Parkley, dolefully; "but now we are here, it seems as if we might hunt for our lifetimes without success."

"And yet that scoundrel discovered the old wrecks," said Dutch, firmly. "What one man has done another can do. For my part, now we are out upon the adventure, I mean to stop till we succeed."

Mr. Parkley patted him on the back, and looked up smilingly at him; and Dutch's words seemed to impart spirit to all present.

Sam Oakum had insisted upon taking the first watch, declaring that he was not tired, and wanted to think; and the consequence was that the sun was well up before he put in an appearance on deck after his breakfast.

"Now, Oakum," said Captain Studwick, rather impatient, "what do you purpose doing? Shall we up anchor and run along the coast a little way, and then anchor and have a fresh search?"

Sam did not reply, for he had his cake of tobacco in one hand and his knife in the other, and he was going to take a piece off for his morning refreshment. But knife and cake remained unemployed, as his attention seemed fixed by something ashore. Then the cake was thrust back into one pocket, the knife closed with a snap and thrust back into the other, and he took a glance round.

The ship was now swinging in a different direction to that which it had occupied on the previous day, and this seemed to puzzle Sam for the moment. The tide was low, too, and that made a difference in the surroundings—rocks standing clear of the water that were invisible before, and there was a ravine opened out that was not visible on the previous day.

"She's dragged her anchor a bit, hasn't she?" said Sam, at last.

"No," said the captain, "we were too close to those rocks, so I up with the anchor this morning, and let her drift a couple of hundred yards before dropping it again."

"Just hand us that double-barrel spy-glass o' yours, Mr. Pugh, will you please?" said Oakum, quietly; and when he had set it to the right focus for his eyes, he took a long look at the shore, shut the glass up, returned it, sat down on the deck, and taking out his tobacco and knife, hewed off a good piece of the hard cake, and thrust it into his mouth without a word.

"Well, Mr. Oakum," said the captain, at last, with a look of annoyance on his face, "what is to be done next?"

"Send forrard for Pollo," said Sam, coolly.

The captain gave an impatient stamp, but turning to the mulatto, who was by the bulwark, sent him for the black cook.

"You want me, sah?" exclaimed Pollo, showing his teeth.

"So I do, Pollo," said Sam, borrowing the glass again from Dutch, and, after focusing it, placing it flat on the bulwarks, and bringing it to bear on some object ashore. "Now, come here, Pollo," he continued, "stoop down and take a squint through this here glass, and tell us what you see."

Pollo stooped down to look through the glass.

"Not that way, you lubber," cried Sam. "What are you shutting one eye up for? Don't you see it's a double spyglass?"

"Oh, yes, sah—I see, sah," said Pollo, bending down for another look.

"Now you're a shutting up the tother eye," cried Sam, sharply.

"Was I, sah? Well, so I tink I was. Now, den, I try bofe open togedder. Dat's him; I see beauful now. All de lubbly trees shinin' in de sun, and four big long trees lie down top o' one anoder. All blow down by de wind."

"And what's that, Pollo?" cried Sam, giving him a slap on the back, as he pointed to a rock lying under the shade of a point right aft.

"Dat am de rock like de wet monkey, Mass' Oakum, sah. Dere, genelmen, I tell you I find de place easy 'nough."

"Don't you think it might be me as has found it?" said Sam, with a grim laugh. "There, gentlemen, I couldn't answer for those trees being blown down by a hurricane. I looked out for them to take my bearings, and they were gone. I must have seen the rock, too, at low water."

"Then you think we are near the place?" cried Dutch, eagerly.

"Well, sir," said Oakum, coolly, "I won't be too cock sure to a foot or two in a few thousand miles; but if the capen here will send out a kedge anchor in the boat, and drop it about a dozen fathoms towards that rock to port there, and haul upon it till the schooner's bowsprit points dead for them rocks, so as we has them in a line, I'll eat my hat if we aint right over some part or other of the old wreck."

A dead silence ensued for a few moments as if every man's breath was taken away, and then giving his orders sharply, a little

anchor was lowered down into the jolly boat; and to Mr. Jones was given the task of carrying out the manœuvre. This was soon done—the anchor dropped over the boat's side with a splash, taking firm hold directly—and then the hawser was hauled upon by the men on board, till the position of the schooner was altered so that she lay with her bowsprit pointing right across the two rocks indicated by Oakum.

"That will do," the latter shouted—"not another foot. Make fast."

CHAPTER XVIII.

OVER THE TREASURE.

THE hawser was secured, and as the jolly boat lay alongside, a second small anchor was lowered into her, and carried out and dropped on the other side, the rope hauled taut and made fast, and the schooner now moored in a position which the right current could not effect, though a storm would doubtless have made the anchors drag.

"That's my job 'bout done, capen and Mr. Parkley, sirs. I said as I'd put the schooner over the spot; and there she is."

"But do you really think, Oakum—" began Mr. Parkley.

"I don't think nothing, sir. There's the place, and that 'ere's the rock as Pollo dived off into the deep water. Aint it, Pollo?"

"Dat's true, sah," cried the black, laughing boisterously.

"Then it's 'bout time I browt up the helmets and things, eh?" said Rasp, who had been looking on with inquiring eye.

"Not yet, Rasp," exclaimed Dutch, who now hurried to the side, and peered down into the brightly illumined depths, an example followed by the captain and half the crew.

The result was disappointing, and Dutch and Mr. Parkley descended into the boat, waiting till it was perfectly motionless, and then making use of a large tube which they thrust some feet down into the water, and gazed intently at the rocks, sands, and wonders of the sea below.

This process they followed up, as they slowly shifted the boat round from place to place; and each time that Dutch looked up to answer some question from the deck, it was to encounter the sinister face of the mulatto, with the scar plainly marked in the sunlight, gazing intently down. For the matter of that, so was the face of Pollo, the other black, and the rest of the crew; but the countenance of the mulatto seemed to strike him, for the peculiarity of its looks, and the eagerness with which, in a partial way, its owner seemed to watch his every action.

"Well, gentlemen," said John Studwick, in a half mocking way, "can you see the El Dorado through that piece of brass pipe?"

"Not yet," said Dutch, quietly. And he went on with his research, seeing fish as brilliant as any he had before noticed, rocks covered with olive green and scarlet weed, that floated out and played in the water, many yards in length; great stones, covered with shells and acorn barnacles; sea anemones, whose petals were more delicately beautiful than any flowers he had beheld; but no trace of old ship timber, in the shape of ribs, sternpost, keel, or stem. Nothing but sand, rock, and seaweed; and at last the two sat up in the boat, and looked at one another.

"What's the good o' you humbugging?" said Rasp, on deck, to self satisfied Oakum, who stood leaning his back against the bulwark, and staring at the landmarks by which he had found the spot.

"Who's humbugging?" said Oakum, roughly.

"Why, you. It's all sham. There aint no wreck below there."

"Bah! How do you know?" growled Oakum, "I know there is, but don't say as there aint been no one near and cleaned it out."

Hester was stading close by, and heard all this. Her face flushed with anxiety, and her heart rose and fell, as she listened to the opinions expressed about it, and thought of the bitter disappointment Dutch would feel if the search was without success.

Just then her husband said something hastily, which drew the attention of all on board; and, taking hold of a rope, she leaned forward to try and catch a glimpse of what was going forward, when she started back with a faint cry of alarm, for a pair of burning lips were placed upon her hand, and as she snatched it away, and faced round, it was to meet the glittering eyes of the mulatto fixed upon her, with so fiercely intense a gaze that she shrank away trembling, but not before he had whispered to her:

"Silence, if you value your life!"

She felt sick with horror as the man glided away, for the tones of his voice seemed familiar, and her very first impulse was to call to her husband; but the mulatto's words had such an effect on her, weakened as she was with long illness, that she dared not speak even to Bessy, to whose side she crept as an eager buzz of conversation went on.

For, after sitting thoughtfully in the boat for a few minutes, Dutch had leaned over the side once more, placing his face in the water, and gazed down at a beautiful submarine grove, when he saw a long, grey body pass slowly out from amongst the weeds, and woke to the fact there were sharks in those waters, this creature being fourteen or fifteen feet long.

He shuddered at the sight, and thought of the helplessness of any diver if one of these monsters attacked him. He raised his face to breathe, and then looked down again, to see the monster part a bed of seaweed, and as it did so his past troubles were forgotten in the thrill of delight he felt; for Oakum was certainly right as to the wreck. As the shark glided slowly on, it parted the weeds more and more, leaving bare, plainly to be seen, what looked like a stump standing out of the sand, but which his experienced eye knew at once to be one of the ribs of a ship, black with age, where it was not grey with barnacles and other shells.

He rose from the water again, with his face dripping, inhaled a long breath, and once more softly stooped and peered down into the clear, ambient depths, where the waving seaweed and multitudinous growths seemed ever changing their colors as they waved gently in the current.

The weed parted by the shark had closed up together once more, and not a vestige seemed left of the piece of wreck wood; in fact, it might have been a dream, only that, close by where he had seen it before, half hidden in the weed, lay the shark, its long, unequal lobed tail waving slightly to and fro a few moments, and then the monster was perfectly still—so quiet that the sharpest eye would have passed it unnoticed, so exactly was its back in hue like the sand upon which it lay.

But Dutch knew, dreamer as he had been, that this was no piece of imagination: and taking the tube once more; and recalling the peculiar bend of the piece of timber, he began again to examine the bottom, especially the portion that lay in the shadow cast by the schooner's hull. According to the bend of the timber, he knew that the wreck, if wreck it belonged to, must be lying in the opposite direction to the schooner; and tracing its imaginary shape, he concluded that there must be a succession of ribs embedded in the sand, though not visible in the lines he marked out with his eye.

And so it seemed, for as he looked he could make out that the weeds lay in thick clusters in the position they should occupy if they were attached to the timbers of an old ship. Huge masses were there as well, forming quite a submarine forest, but evidently they took the form of a ship where they were most dense; and, to Dutch's great surprise, the vessel must have been one of nearly double the size of the schooner.

"See anything?" said Mr. Parkley, as the young man rose for a few minutes and wiped his brow.

"Yes," said Dutch, bluntly. "Sharks!"

"Ah, there are plenty, no doubt," said Mr. Parkley.

But Dutch did not hear him, for he was once more eagerly trying to trace out in the weeds the shape of the old galleon.

Yes, there it was, undoubtedly; and, to make assurance doubly sure, another shark slowly glided out, about thirty feet to the left of where Dutch saw the first, setting the weeds in motion, and displaying, black and grey with encrustations, three more of the nearly buried ribs of an old ship.

With this help to locality, he could now make out plainly where the galleon lay, and see that she must have been nearly a hundred feet long, and that her stem had struck on the mass of rocks described as those off which Pollo had dived; while her stern lay off behind the boat in the dense forest of sea growth. And as Dutch looked on he became more and more aware of the fact that there were watchers over the treasure—if treasure there was—in the shape of sharks. He had already seen two, and now, dimly visible in their lairs, lay no less than five more, of which he could just make out a fin of one, the snout of another, and so on, one gliding slowly out into the sunshine, turning right over so as to show its white belly and great teeth armed jaws before dashing after a shoal of bright-colored fish which had tempted him from his lair.

So powerful were the strokes of the monster's tail, that the water was all of a quiver, and the long strands of the seaweed waved and undulated to and fro, displaying here and there more blackened stumps, and showing how possible it was for anyone to sail a boat over the wreck a hundred times without catching a glimpse or dreaming of its existence.

"Well," said Mr. Parkley, "when you're tired of shark gazing, we may as well go on board."

There was only one man of the crew looking over the side now, and that was the mulatto, who, with half closed eyes, lazily watched their actions; the others finding the business uninteresting, having adjourned to the shade.

"I'm ready to go on board?" said Dutch, quietly. "When shall we begin work?"

"Oh, at once. Let's ask Studwick to weigh anchor, and try one of the other places. Ah, my lad, I'm afraid I let my anger get the better of my judgment. We shall do nothing without the cursed Cuban."

"Think not?" said Dutch, with a smile.

"I'm sure of it," said Mr. Parkley. "How can we hunt over the whole of this sea? It would be madness."

"I meant get to work with the apparatus," said Dutch, smiling.

"What are you laughing at?" said Mr. Parkley, impatiently.

"At your despondency," replied Dutch. "Old Oakum was right. We are lying right athwart the galleon."

"What!" cried Mr. Parkley, excitedly. "Nonsense!—you are half mad."

"Over some things, perhaps," said Dutch, gloomily; "but sane enough over this. Mind, I don't say that there is any treasure there, but the old fellow has anchored us right across an old wreck."

"Give me that tube," cried Mr. Parkley, and he thrust it down into the water excitedly, looking in all directions.

"There's nothing there," he cried. "I examined that place before."

"But it did not occur to us that the weeds had grown up and hidden the timbers. Now, you watch that clump lying just under the schooner's keel. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes, I see."

"Then keep your eye upon it," said Dutch, as he crept softly to the bows of the jolly boat, and, taking one of half a dozen great boulders that were used for ballast, he heaved it overboard with a good splash, and then watched its effects.

As he expected, from half a dozen weed masses out darted as many sharks, to make a dash at the stone as it descended rapidly through the clear water, and first one and then another turned over to show its white underparts, before going away sulkily and in disgust.

"Well, what did you see?" said Dutch.

"Sharks! Ugh, the beasts!" exclaimed Mr. Parkley, with a shudder.

"What else?"

"Rough stumps of timber amongst the weeds."

"Timbers of the old galleon, no doubt, preserved by the shelly concretions that have formed upon them and held them together."

"But it's impossible, my dear boy. No man dare go down there; the sharks would rend him limb from limb. Who could go down?"

"I shall, for one," said Dutch, calmly. "So now let's get on board."

They climbed the side, and, as the news of their discovery spread through the ship, the excitement became great. Rasp began to bring up helmets and leaden weights, and ordered a couple of the men to come and assist with the air pump, which had to be got up from below.

"But, my dear Dutch," exclaimed Mr. Parkley, in despair, "it is impossible—no one can go down."

"Not at present," said Dutch, smiling, as he looked round and saw that nearly every body was gazing over the side. "Perhaps, when I have set the example, Rasp will not mind following it."

"But the sharks, my dear boy—they would tear you to pieces."

"Let them, if they can," said Dutch, grimly. "I'm not going to be deterred from the search by a few sharks. And if, as you say, I was torn to pieces," he added, bitterly, "what then?"

"I tell you, I shall not let you risk your life," said Mr. Parkley, firmly.

"And I tell you I shall go down. If anything happens—"

"That sweet little woman will be a widow," said Mr. Parkley.

"And who would care?" said Dutch, bitterly. "My dear Mr. Parkley, we are anchored over the treasure, and sharks or no sharks, torn to pieces or left alone, I go down—Hester!"

He started and turned sharply round, just in time to catch the fainting woman as she was falling senseless on the deck.

CHAPTER XIX

PEPPER FOR THE SHARKS.

DUTCH felt a pang at his heart as he raised and carried the fainting woman below—Bessy Studwick joining him as he laid her on the little couch in the cabin; and he was about to leave her in the latter's care, when she began to revive, and she called him by name.

For a moment he was about to run to her, but the old bitter suspicions hardened his heart, and he turned away.

"Oh," exclaimed Bessy Studwick, bitterly, "if he had been my husband, and behaved to me like that!"

"Pray, hush!" said Hester, feebly.

"I can't," exclaimed Bessy, clasping the weeping woman in her arms. "I know you must have felt horribly jealous of me once, dear, and I really did you; but as for Dutch Pugh now, I absolutely hate him, and I'm sure you must ever so much more."

"I never loved him so dearly as I do now," sighed Hester. "Some day he will believe in me again."

She covered her face with her hands, and thought of her little adventure upon the deck, one which puzzled as well as alarmed her; and once or twice she was on the point of confiding in Bessy, but the thoughts of her husband's peril drove others away, and, making an effort, she rose to go on deck again.

"I'm sure you are not fit to go on deck," exclaimed Bessy, trying to restrain her.

"Yes," she said, gently. "I am better now, and I could not bear to stay here if he is in danger."

Feeling that it would only cause an extra strain on nerves already weakened, Bessy made no further opposition, but accompanied Hester on deck, where a bustle of preparation was going on, the captain and doctor both working in subordination to Dutch and Mr. Parkley. The air pump was being fixed in a convenient spot, diving suits were in readiness for use, and tubes coiled in great snake-like rings. With an oily rag in his hand, and his cheeks blown out with importance, Rasp was fussing about and giving a touch here and a touch there: while no less important, and evidently feeling as if his task were done, Oakum sat on a coil of rope, chewing his tobacco, and looking on.

But to Hester's great relief the diving apparatus was not yet going to be put in use: for Dutch, Mr. Parkley, and the doctor were busy at work with sundry jars, wires, and plates. In fact, they were placing a galvanic battery ready for action, and making some mysterious preparations that the sailors did not understand.

There was a small white canister, too, over which the doctor kept guard, ordering back any of the sailors that approached.

At last, when the battery was ready, and emitting a low, hissing noise from the zinc and platina plates immersed in a solution, a long coil of thin wire was unwound and attached to the little white canister.

"For Heaven's sake be careful, Dutch!" said Mr. Parkley, who had performed the latter operation. "Don't connect the wire till I give the word."

"Don't be alarmed," said Dutch, quietly, as he held the other end in his hand. "I shall be careful."

"But I am alarmed," said Mr. Parkley to himself. "He thinks life of no more value than the snuff of a candle, and I want to live as long as I can."

"Now, are you nearly ready?" said the captain, who came up, followed by Pollo grinning, and having on a tin three great pieces of beef.

"Yes, quite ready," said Dutch.

"Bring the meat here," exclaimed Mr. Parkley.

Choosing the largest pieces, he half cut it in two, placed the white canister in the opening, and bound the meat round it firmly with a fresh piece of wire.

"Am dat mustard, sah?" said Pollo, with his eyes wide open.

"No, Pollo. It's pepper—pepper for the sharks," said Mr. Parkley, smiling.

"Ho!" said Pollo, thoughtfully. "I no see de good to gib de shark pepper, sah."

"Wait a minute, and you will, Pollo," said the captain, smiling.

"All ready now," said Mr. Parkley. "Every one stand back."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JAPANESE CHILDREN.

OF the many peculiarities of the Japanese, there is none which is more prominently marked, and which sooner attracts the notice of the casual visitor, than their treatment of their children, and the position in society which children hold among them. To the superficial observer their position and importance, their cultus, in fact, seemed to be an unmixed good. To a child in Japan nothing is denied. A child's question receives a ready answer from the most taciturn, a child's request is generally granted by the most churlish. That this excessive love of children has been a means of maintaining the low social position of women, not only in Japan, but in other Eastern countries, is only too probable. It is no very uncommon thing for a Japanese to beat his wife because their child has fallen down and hurt himself—she ought to have taken better care of the child. And hence the Japanese woman has but two functions in the eyes of her lord,—to bring children into the world, and to nurse them and wait on them when they come. Nor does the child himself really profit much by his position as the centre of the family group. Far too much looked after, and not enough left to development of resources within himself, with a style of dress which, though comfortable enough for babies, is cumbersome in the extreme for any really active amusement, the Japanese boy learns soon to dislike exertion, and the body, growing crooked in all its parts, becomes the fit abode for the crooked mind. Out of this grows the Japanese petty tyrant, than which there is perhaps no more disagreeable variety of the human species,—intensely ignorant, of absolute self-sufficiency, and with no particle of truthfulness in his nature.

CATS.—Cats are largely cultivated in Holland, especially for their skins. The fur of the Dutch cat is very long and soft as compared to that of the native cat, the fur of which is hard and wiry. There is some secrecy as to how the cats in Holland are fed; it is possible they are fed on fish. The best Dutch cats are black. A good skin of jet-black color is worth three dollars.

TRUE.

BY S. C.

True to the promise of thy far-off youth,
When all who loved thee, for thee prophesied
A grand, full life, devoted to the truth,
A noble cause by suffering sanctified.
True to all duties which thy manhood brought
To take the room of fancies light and fleet.
True to thy friend in foul or sunny day,
True to thy home, thy country, and thy God;
True to the world, which still is false to thee,
And true to all—as thou art true to me.
True to the vow that bound us in the lane,
That summer evening when the brown bird sang,
Piercing the silence with sweet notes of pain,
While echoes over all the woodland rang.
True to the troth we plighted on that day,
Each to forsake all other for the one;
Cleaving together through the unknown way,
Till death made void the union then begun.
True to the love brought by a little hand:
True—though the patter of the childish feet
Have passed from earth into the silent land;
Loss hallows love, and love is still complete:
I can lift up mine eyes from tear-drops free,
For thou art true to all these things—and me.

The Elopement.

BY A. J.

IN a large, square, old-fashioned house,—lived Philip Manson and his sister, Esther. Philip had reached the mature age of forty, and Esther was close to him. Still, each had pursued a solitary pathway through life, seeking no companionship save that of the other, till there was reason to believe that they would continue to follow the same course till in the fulness of time they were gathered into the family tomb.

"No," said Philip, when assailed on this subject by a match-making lady, "marrying may be very good for some people, but I could not bear to have my habits broken in upon, and my whole house turned topsy-turvy by the introduction of a wife."

As for Miss Esther, she often declared that she never would make a slave of herself for any man living. If other women were foolish enough to give up their independence, and tie themselves to a man, for no other earthly purpose than to burthen themselves with cares and toil from morning till night, she was sure she had no objection. For her own part she was wiser.

Of course, it was insinuated by those whose opinions differed widely from Miss Esther's that in adopting this opinion she was only making a virtue of necessity, and that it was best to be contented with one's lot, provided there was no chance of improving it.

They kept no domestic, since Esther rather plumed herself upon her housekeeping qualities, and there was really but little to do. So as her brother was usually absent during the day, she was left for the most part to the companionship of her own thoughts, unless some neighbor chanced to call in.

Early one afternoon, just after Esther Manson had completed her task of clearing away the dishes, and storing them away in the cupboard after a thorough washing, she was startled by a rap at the door.

She opened it. A gentleman of forty-five, carefully, nay elegantly dressed, stood before her.

"I beg your pardon for intruding, madam," said he, as he noticed Esther's look of surprise; "but can you direct me to the house of Mr. Wellfleet? I have heard it was for sale, and from the description I have heard of it judge it will suit me."

"It is the next house on the left, sir," answered Esther, who had time, while the gentleman was speaking, to examine his appearance, which did not fail to impress her favorably.

"Thank you for the information. I trust you will pardon the trouble I have occasioned you," replied the gentleman, bowing.

"Not the least trouble in the world," replied Esther, a little flattered by a deference to which she had not been accustomed.

Two days afterwards, Esther heard that Mr. Wellfleet's estate had been purchased by a stranger, named Bigelow. She at once conjectured, and rightly, that this was the same with her visitor. A few days elapsed, and Esther Manson received another visit from the same gentleman.

"I have a favor to ask you, Miss Manson," he commenced (it seems he had ascertained her name). "I am aware that our slight acquaintance will hardly justify it, but I trust time will remove this objection. You must know," he added, smiling, "that I am a bachelor, dependent in many respects upon my housekeeper, who though a good woman in her way, I am afraid is not reliable in matters of taste. As my furniture has arrived, but has not yet been arranged. I would esteem it a real service if you would give me your opinion in some little matters respecting its proper disposition. My carriage is at the door, ready to carry you over."

"But," said Esther, a little hesitatingly, "I do not claim to have much taste. I fear I should prove no more reliable in that respect than your housekeeper."

"I have but to look around me," said Mr. Bigelow, politely, "to be fully satisfied upon that point."

Esther's cheek flushed with pleasure at this compliment, and she made preparations to comply with her new visitor's request.

On arriving at her place of destination, she found the chief part of the business accomplished. The furniture, which, by the way, was new and handsome, had been arranged in the room after a fashion, but Esther was able to point out several changes for the better, with all of which Mr. Bigelow professed himself delighted. When all was completed, he overpowered her with protestations of gratitude for her kind service, and landed her at her own door just five minutes before her brother came in.

To avoid comment, she did not even inform Philip that she had ever met Mr. Bigelow. He took frequent opportunities to call upon her, on some slight pretext or other, but it always chanced to be at a time when her brother was absent.

"I wonder," said Philip, carelessly, as he sat by the fire one evening, "whether Mr. Bigelow will not be looking out for a wife before long?"

"I—I don't know," said Esther, and in her embarrassment dropping half a-dozen stitches from the stocking which she held in her hand.

"Not that I approve of marriage—at least, in my own case," said Philip, not noticing this demonstration, "but it may be different with Mr. Bigelow. He had no sister to superintend his establishment. I don't know, however, whether there is anybody likely to suit him in this village. Let me see—there is Miss Preston, she might do."

"No, I don't think she would suit him at all!" said Esther, with a spirit which considerably surprised her brother. "She knows very little of housekeeping."

"Why, I thought you and Miss Preston were friends," said Philip, a little puzzled.

"Well, so we are," returned Esther, in her usual tone, "but I—I hardly think she would suit Mr. Bigelow."

"Perhaps not," he rejoined, and so the conversation ended.

Meanwhile the gentleman continued his visits. On one of these occasions, Mr. Bigelow, after a little visible embarrassement, said, hesitatingly:

"I would like to ask your advice, Miss Esther, on rather a delicate subject, and one of great importance to myself. There is one thing I wish to secure to make my establishment complete, but I hardly know in what manner to ask for it."

"What is it you refer to?" asked Esther, unsuspiciously.

"A wife," was the significant reply.

Instantly a deep crimson flushed Esther's cheeks. She did not trust herself to speak.

"Need I say that you are the one whom of all others I would seek to place in that position?"

He took her unresisting hand and kissed it with all the gallantry of a young lover.

"But what will my brother say?" inquired Esther, when she found voice to speak.

"What should he say? You are your own mistress, surely."

"Yes, but he is always ridiculing the idea of marriage, and I couldn't venture to tell him."

"No need of it. Let's run away to New York and get married. You know," he added gaily, "we are both young and romantic, and it would be quite in character."

Esther at first objected, but when she came to consider that in this way she would be relieved of a great portion of the embarrassment which such a step would naturally bring with it, she consented, and that day week was appointed for the departure. She required this time to make preparations.

Meanwhile, if Esther had not been so exclusively occupied with her own affairs, she might have noticed that a change had come over Philip. He was often absent evenings, and when at home was more silent and abstracted than his wont. The former she readily attributed to the cause which he assigned, namely, a pressure of business. The latter she did not observe, her mind being pre-occupied. We, who are in the secret, may take the liberty of following him on one of his business calls. It was at a neat cottage, from whose front door dangled an immense knocker, that Philip Manson knocked. The door was opened by the same Miss Preston who, some months before, he thought "might do" for Mr. Bigelow.

"Good evening, Maria," was his salutation as he entered. After a brief conversation about the weather, the crops and other standard topics, which however trivial may seem, could hardly be dispensed with, he began to show signs of embarrassment, and finally ejaculated:

"Maria—Miss Preston—I mean Maria, what are your opinions about marriage?"

"Why," said she, "I hardly know. I—I don't think I have given much consideration to the subject."

"Because," continued Philip, "I find my opinions have suffered a great change on this point. There was a time when I thought it unwise, but now if I could get a good wife, such as you, for example, I should be inclined to try it."

"O, lor, Mr. Manson," said Miss Preston, in some perturbation, "how you talk!"

Five minutes afterwards Miss Preston had accepted the proposal of Philip, and the two were engaged, and agreed to go to New York for the marriage. It so happened that Esther was to start on Monday afternoon for the same place, with the same purpose in view—but of this coincidence neither party was aware.

The reader will please go forward a week. By this time the respective parties have reached New York, been united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and are legally husband and wife. They were located at hotels situated on the same street, and even on the same side of the way, but were far from being aware of the propinquity. On the morning succeeding the two marriages, for by a singular chance they happened on the same day, Mr. Bigelow and Esther started out for a walk down street. It so happened that Philip and his wife were at the same moment walking up street. The natural consequence was that the two parties met.

"Good Heavens! my sister!" exclaimed Philip.

"Merciful goodness! my brother!" returned Esther.

"What brings you here with Mr. Bigelow?"

"Nay, how happens it that you are here with Miss Preston?"

"Miss Preston is now my wife!"

"And Mr. Bigelow is my husband!"

The sensation excited in the village by the return of the two brides with their respective husbands may be better imagined than described. It gives us pleasure to state that neither Philip nor his sister ever had occasion to regret THE ELOPEMENT.

The Beautiful Madonna.

IN one of the splendidly-decorated saloons at St. James' was assembled a group of young and lovely girls whose delicate fingers were busily employed in different kinds of ornamental needlework. They were the Queen's maids of honor, and between their gay chattering and busy fingers employed the time while waiting for her rising. The only grave person in the assembly was the Dowager Duchess d'Alby, the chief of the ladies of honor.

Among the blooming group the youngest was remarkble for the simplicity of dress and the quiet modesty of her whole appearance. This was the daughter of one of the most illustrious families of Scotland. Her father, Lord Ruthven, united to a princely fortune a pedigree of which he was more proud than of his wealth. Lucy, his daughter, had secretly arrived at the English Court on her appointment to a post in the Queen's household, there to complete the education which had been carefully guided by her father. Retired and simple in her tastes, her mind instinctively sought the sublime in the works of nature and art. She excelled in painting and her genius had created a world of her own in the daily contemplation of the productions of the best masters, which adorned the galleries of her father.

The large clock in the saloon chimed the hour of ten. All eyes were directed to it, and several voices exclaimed, "He's very late!" just as a domestic announced "the painter, Van Dyck."

The announcement caused a general agitation among the smiling group. Each one changed her position on her velvet seat, rearranged her dress and composing her countenance sought to give additional grace to her aspect. The young painter albeit accustomed to the sight of beauty, could not suppress a murmur of admiration at finding himself in the midst of his brilliant circle.

The old Duchess, supposing his embarrassment to be caused by her own imposing appearance, to encourage him addressed him in these words: "I am told you have talent young man."

"Those who have so informed you do me too much honor, madam. Doubtless they judge me by my intentions; but I have as yet produced nothing worthy of attention."

There was as much confidence and noble pride in the reply of the painter as there had been arrogance and impertinence in the address of the noble dame.

Lucy who possessed the high spirit of her country, was shocked at the insolent tone of the Duchess and now blushed with pleasure at his reply. As her soft eyes rested approvingly on his face he understood her feelings and thanked her by a look for her generous sympathy.

"Well, well, we shall see. Her Majesty wishes to renew the ornaments of her chapel so you will be fully employed. A residence will be assigned you in yonder monastery where you will copy undisturbed. In summer also you shall have a fit residence, besides a pension from the Government, and, you will be chosen painter to the Queen if you succeed in gaining the prize which is offered for the most perfect head of the Madonna".

Ah! madam, if the patronage of her Majesty is offered me only on those conditions I fear I shall not obtain it."

"And why not?"

"Because I shall not gain the prize," replied he, with an expression of sadness which was instantly reflected on the face of Lucy.

"Why do you refuse this honor? Do you fear to fail?"

"No, madam; but how shall I represent as she should be represented the mother of the Saviour? Where shall I find a model?" As he pronounced these words his eyes rested on the angelic face of Lucy. "I have hitherto sought in vain the combination of mildness, sweetness and candor which should characterize the Queen of Heaven."

He took immediate possession of his apartments, where he could at the same time paint his Madonna and copy the frescoes for the chapel. With his mind full of the celestial face he had just seen he seized his pencil and endeavored to trace her lineaments. But the extreme sensibility so useful to art when time has calmed it was now his chief obstacle. The day passed in fruitless attempt and the night surprised him, dissatisfied and despondent.

In the meantime Lucy had suffered severely for the preference shown her by Van Dyck. The envy and jealousy of her companions found vent in impertinent sarcasms; so that, on separating for the night, her mind was filled with this idea and after her nightly prayer, his name was the last on her lips.

It was midnight. A window of the palace opened and a shadow passed slowly along the balcony and staircase, crossed along the court and reached the monastery.

It would be difficult to say how this figure had left the palace and penetrated so far; but she must have been well acquainted with all the turnings, for in a short time she crossed the long avenue and, arriving at one end of the galleries of the chapel she found herself in the painter's workroom, and passing lightly on seated herself, without looking around her, immediately in front of the easel.

Oh, surprise! Oh, joy! this being so calm, so beautiful is Lucy! The despondING artist who had been unable to retrace her features on his canvas now beheld a living model before his eyes. What could have induced her to come? What idea could have given her the courage and resolution? He threw himself on his knees before her, but Lucy motioning him to rise pointed to his pencil.

Mute and breathless, inspired by mysterious strength, he seized his palette. His colors gave the form and his soul the life—in a few hours he created the most beautiful and most pure of Virgins.

When the young girl saw that after tracing her features he was occupied in imparting to his picture the soul which animated him, she rose silently and with a calm and assured step left the monastery by the same road she had come.

Van Dyck, with wondering eyes, and oppressed breathing, made not the slighest effort to detain her. In his eyes she was no longer mortal, and in her departure he thought he saw the Madonna returning to her native skies. Enchanted by his execution and excitement he fell asleep in his arm chair. On awakening his first thought was to examine his canvas. Transported with joy at his success he thanked on his knees the angel or woman who had so favored him. In vain he endeavored again to impart the ideality which existed in his imagination. He had so combined the thoughts of the Madonna and of Lucy that he determined to discover the truth, and wrote the following billet to the young girl:

"Tell me if you are indeed an angel; if you do not wish to deprive of his senses the poor artist to whom you have condescended to appear this night, tell me if you are the Virgin or a mortal?"

It was part of the duty of the Dowager Duchess to open the billets address to the young ladies confided to her charges. What was her astonishment at reading this epistle!

"Horror!" she cried. "A child of high family to violate her duty in seeking at painter at midnight!"

She rang and sent for the guilty one, but her rage redoubled when Lucy, with her customary gentleness, denied all knowledge of the cause of her reproaches. The Duchess, who expected to witness in her great confusion or a candid avowal, would listen to nothing. The alarm was given in the palace and it was decided that Lucy, disgraced, should be sent home to her father.

Her prayers were of no avail; a single night of respite was alone accorded her and she was compelled to sleep in the apartment of the Duchess to avoid further scandal.

At midnight Lucy rose as before; the Duchess was aroused from her unquiet sleep and called all the ladies to witness the confirmation of her suspicions. With a lighted flambeau the Duchess, attended by a numerous suite, followed Lucy, who traversed again the great hall and long passage and arrived at the door of the monastery. Her culpability could no longer be doubted; but they followed her even to the painting room, where she was already seated before the easel. The noise around her and the brilliancy of the lights awoke her in a fright. *She was a somnambulist.*

Thus unconsciously had she served as a model to the artist, who fully repaid in love what she had given him in renown. He obtained the prize and was loaded down at the Court with honors and riches.

A few days afterwards there was celebrated at St. Paul's the union of Van Dyck and Lucy, the daughter of the noble Count Ruthven.

WINTER THE DESTROYER.

Winter, bold ravisher,
Powerful destroyer,
Bane of the beautiful,
Smileless and heartless,
Deaf to all prayers,
Pity unk owing,
Anguish unheeding,
Swift with thy coming
Comes desolation,
Sorrow and horror,
Death and destruction!

Breathing a tempest,
Hurling the stormwind,
Onward, still onward,
Fiercely and madly
Speed thy swift chargers,
In their train leaving
Darkness and ruin,
Sighings and groanings,
Wild shrieks of agony,
Thy voice so awful,
Roaring the war-song
Fatal to mortals,
Drowns into silence.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"It was nearly death he brought me," said Maurice, closing his journal, and relocking it. "I remember after slow weeks of fever, coming to this desk, and not having strength or courage to open it. I remember through my long delirium how I always saw Madeline by my bedside, with Tom Singleton's ring on her left hand. I can hear again the echo of my own voice in my ears, as I repeated day and night the words of her dreadful letter: I will accept no further cruelty at your hands; your letter doubtless contains only calumny and falsehood, so I return it unread. I have had enough of insult from your mother and yourself. Lady Crehylls' letter I retain. Tell her, if you will, from me, that while we both have breath, I will never forgive it and never forget it. And unless I mistake myself, indeed she shall rue having written that lie to her dying day. My answer to her slander and to yours is this: I am a good man's wife. I am Madeline Singleton.'"

As Maurice finished repeating this softly, he bowed his head upon his hands, and remained a while in silent thought.

"So ended my dream," he said at length, in a bitter tone: "and with it there perished also my ambition and all my aspirations after honor and fame. My life has been a disappointment to myself and others—to none more than to my mother. Of what avail is it that she repents of having separated me from Madeline? The deed is done; our lives are wasted. We two, who should have grown better, been together, have grown worse, being apart. The mildew of hate lies deep on Madeline's soul, and the rust of idleness on mine. I have cared for nothing. I have let Lord Crehylls die in exile, believing himself guilty of a bad man's death, while all the while in my inactive hand has lain the clue to the truth—truth which, I verily think, would have vindicated him, and restored him to his home. So, through my inertion, Lady Crehylls, is a widow, her only child is drowned, and the house of Crehylls is without an heir. Heaven! what a heap of sins lies upon my careless head! And now, what has roused me to exertion again?—what has brought to life the old dream of happiness, the old hope of an honorable career? The sight of Madeline—only that. One look on that wonderful face, so pale, so pure, so perfect, and I am a boy again, and all those visions throng around me which love's madness raises. And yet not so, for love to the man of thirty-one brings, not as to the boy, dreams and fancies, but renewed life and energy. So, once more I am alive, and being living, I will slip the dogs on Richard Rathline."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE NARRATIVE OF ALICE RATHLINE.

I AM asked to tell my share of this story. I expect I shall make a queer jumble of it, for I am not one of your clever ones, by no means; and as for romance, there is no more of that in me than there is in a pair of bellows; and, like them, I'm good enough for blowing the fire; but you must not expect me to keep an organ going too. In fact, with a pen in my hand, I feel like a pig with a silver fork—I don't know what to do with it. However, since my manuscript is going to be touched up by somebody who can spell, and who knows where those little horrid stops ought to come in, I suppose it will read out pretty straight in the end. So now for a beginning.

From the day that Tom brought Madeline a letter from those stuck-up Pellews, we noticed a change in her. She grew colder, and prouder, and more silent. It was easy enough to see she was miserable, but she wouldn't tell it. She hardened herself like iron against her grief, she never gave way to it, or shed a tear that I saw. All day she worked at her needle, frightening mother into fits pretty nearly by the lovely things she made out of her bits of silk; and by night I heard her walking up and down her room like a creature in a cage. But she didn't get ill with all this. Bless you, no; she had the health and courage of a lion all the time. But it wasn't pleasant, for all that. It used to make my flesh creep to see her white face bending over her work, proud, silent and scornful, as some of those stone faces I have seen since in Italy. It would have done her good to cry, but she didn't want to do herself any good. She wanted to nurse her own bitterness, contempt and hatred, till they grew strong as fire in her, and she did it. Cry indeed! It is my belief she would have dashed her head against a wall rather than let a single tear drop from her proud eyes. And all the while I was so sorry for Tom. Oh, I was so sorry! Because I saw he loved her with all his good, kind heart, and she was not half good enough for him. Thus I say it again, not half good enough—no, nor a quarter. How could she be, when she was always nursing her own grief and thinking of herself, while he was ever caring for the grief of others, and never thinking of himself at all?

Oh Tom, my dear, good, darling brother Tom. I am a rough girl, with no more schooling in me than a horn hook could teach in a winter day to a fool, but I've enough sense to know how good you were. I had sense even then to love you, and eyes to see how true, faithful and tender you were; and how grieved, dear Tom, how grieved when you saw her grieving so scornfully for the lover that had forsaken her. For we understood it all—Tom and I; we saw Mr. Pellew never came, never wrote, never cared for her, any more than if she were dead and buried out of his sight. And we guessed the letter he sent her was a cruel, hard farewell. Oh, the mean, miserable man. I should like to see myself fretting for such a animal. I'd box my own ears till they blazed, and ten thousand candles danced hornpipes before my eyes. That's what I'd do; but she hasn't got sense to give it to herself like that, so she grew sadder and paler every day, and Tom would look at her white face till his heart and his eyes were heavy with woe.

'Shall I go to Mr. Pellew?" he said to me. "I can't bear to see her like this. Shall I go to him?"

"He isn't a cripple," I answered, "or a fool, or a baby. He can come to our house if he chooses; and if he don't choose, let him stay away. If you went to him, you would seem like her messenger; and if he should laugh at you, as he most likely would, she would never forgive you."

Then Tom asked the same question of mother, and she said, it was all over between the lovers, since they neither wrote to, nor saw each other, and Tom's interference would gall Madeline, and make her bitter against him too. So we left things alone, and pretended we didn't know that she was passing through a great sea of sorrow.

At last, one evening, when we were sitting silent by the window, she broke out into singing suddenly. Oh, such a voice! such a wonderful voice! that it made me cry as I listened to her, and Tom held his breath to catch every note. This was the first time I had heard her sing, and have never forgotten it. She sang often to us after this, smiling a little sometimes when she saw how silent and entranced we were. She grew better from that evening; but I think too she grew harder and colder, and more bitter against those whose injustice she fancied had blighted all her life. But Tom didn't see this; and if the poor fellow had given her his heart before he had heard that marvelous voice of hers, you can fancy how the magic and charm of her singing drew away his very soul. She didn't know it. I'll do her that justice. She had not a thought of making Tom like her. Perhaps she was proud to suppose he would presume to love her, and lay down, at her regardless feet, his great, good heart, and his gentle, worthy life.

Well, while all this romance was going on, poor Tom's bit of money was melting fast away. First there was our removal, then debts to pay of father's, before we could remove in quiet; then new furniture to get, and all this took a pretty slice out of the sum Tom had borrowed. Then, too, we had to live comfortably now Madeline was with us, and keep a servant, who was a perfect tyrant, with an appetite like a wild beast. So it is no wonder Tom's purse was soon drained dry.

"I must borrow again," he said, quite cheerfully. But at this mother burst into tears, and said she knew we all wished her dead, else her son wouldn't want to borrow, in the hope of her being put under the ground. So for a good while nothing more was said, but our dinners got very small, and I was obliged to tell a hundred fibs a day to keep Madeline from seeing how we lived. But she found out, for one day, the door being open, our domestic wolf flopped the dish on the table and bawled out, "Well, if you were four half penny dolls you might dine off that bit of loin; but since you ain't, I cant see how you're going to fill yourselves, unless you take to the sawdust like the dolls does."

I had carried Madeline a chop, and had told her some dreadful story to make her take it in her own room; but now I was sure she would never believe me again, if she had heard this. And so it turned out. She came to Tom and me that evening, after mother had gone to bed, and said, quite fiercely, "I am not going to stay in this house. I won't be made an idol of any longer."

"An idol!" said Tom.

And I could hear his poor heart beating against his side like a hammer.

Oh, my dear Tom, I wish I had taken you in my arms then, and comforted you, and warned you! She was a cruel, unloving woman, her heart closed up in bitterness, rankling with its own sorrows, nursing revenge and hatred, and with none of that gentle wisdom in it which would have poured out love upon you, and reaped its reward in happiness.

"An idol!" cried Tom.

"Yes, an idol!" she said angrily, "and one of the lowest sort; an idol who has meats and drinks laid before her, which others want; an idol who gets service paid her by feeble hands and willing hearts, when she ought to work herself. You are degrading me in my own eyes. I feel baser than the dust I walk on. I won't bear it."

"What will you do, then?" asked Tom, sorrowfully.

"I can sing—I'll go on the stage!" she said.

"Oh, not that!" cried Tom, "Don't say you'll do that. Think, with your beauty, what a mark you will be for evil tongues, and how the world will deny that you have honor, innocence, or truth."

"They deny me those already," she said, scornfully. "Even those I love malign me. What the world says can matter little now."

Nevertheless, Tom dissuaded her from the scheme, and it was agreed she was to give lessons in singing instead. But this led to a strange catastrophe. That bad man, who is still the terror of our lives, heard her singing, as she gave a lesson to a little girl living in our neighborhood. He was prowling about there, searching for us; and as her voice poured into the street, he recognized those rare notes and he followed her home cautiously. From that day commenced a terrible persecution. He heaped letters, presents, and threats upon her. One day he wept and implored, the next he raved and menaced. An able, cunning man, but furious and wicked as a madman—a dangerous man, unscrupulous and wary, venomous and deceitful as a serpent, passionate, and yet cool—a man to fear greatly, because, in spite of the strength of his own intellect, there is madness in his veins; there is a twist in his plotting brain which peers out at times in his cunning eyes when he glares on Madeline with all the rage of his disappointed love blazing in them. She went in deadly fear of him—I could see that; so I was not surprised when she told us she was certain he would kill her; and tormented by him as she was daily, her hours were a terror and a torture to her, and she was resolved to leave London.

"Stay here and let me protect you," said Tom, with a shaking lip.

I know what those words of his meant, but she didn't.

"You can't protect me from a madman," she answered. "He has sworn that he will kill me. He'll keep his oath. I must go away—and for that, I want money. Mr. Singleton, I laughed once when you said, 'Propose to me, and I will reject you.' But I don't laugh now. I will utter the absurdity—it is but a slight effort, after all—and then I will demand the little income my aunt left me. Mr. Singleton, will you be my husband? Now quickly say 'no,' and let us get it over."

Her eyes were bent upon her work. She never looked at Tom. He wasn't worth a look of hers, you know; but my eyes were fixed upon his face, and I saw it was white as snow.

"But I cannot say it," he answered her, in a very low voice. "I cannot—it is impossible."

"Impossible!" she echoed, glancing at him angrily. "And why is it impossible?"

"Because—because," faltered Tom. "Oh, Madeline, I know you will not care to know why."

She gazed at him in an amazed way, her work lying on her lap, and her face getting hard and pale.

"I care for nothing," she said. "You need not tell me why, if it pains you. I can give up all hope of my aunt's legacy. I can stay in England and die. What does it matter?"

Tom rose and stood by her side, his trembling hands leaning on her chair, "Madeline," said he; "you have said words to me which, uttered carelessly, indifferently, as you uttered them, stung me to the heart. Yet I cannot say no to them. I say yes. I can only say yes, because I love you with all my soul."

She was pale now—pale as death, and she glanced up at him with shining eyes full of tears, yet she never spoke a word.

"I cannot reject you, Madeline," continued Tom, his dear kind voice trembling as he spoke; "that would be impossible. But since you really need so much this small annuity now kept from you, I can let you reject me, if you will. And I will try to bear it bravely. Madeline, I once said, 'I will not propose to you, because I do not love you, and I cannot ask you to be my wife for the sake of money.' Well, that scruple exists no more. I love you dearly, and can ask you with an honest and true heart to fulfil the conditions of my aunt's will. Don't mistake me," he added, eagerly, as her head drooped; "I do not say this in hope. I say it, knowing full well what your answer will be. I say it, because I cannot belie my own heart by letting the rejection come from me. No, it must be yours, Madeline, only yours. And when you receive this little income, and you leave us, as you say you will, remember always, that while you stayed you made me very happy by your presence. And—and may God bless you, Madeline."

I cannot tell how it happened, but Tom had seized her hand in both his, and dropped it, and was gone, before I could utter a syllable. As for Madeline, she sat where he had left her, with her head drooping forward on her hands, and I heard her murmur softly, "always the noblest—always generous, where I am mean—always noble where I am base."

"So you are finding out Tom a last?" I said to her crossly. I was obliged to speak crossly, else I should have cried.

"Are you here, Alice?" she answered, half laughing.

"I am always here," I returned. "There is nothing going on that I don't know it. Tom didn't mind speaking before me."

"I don't think he would mind speaking before the whole world," said Madeline, rising wearily. "He is not ashamed of his love, or of me."

"Well, you see, his gloves and his boots are not quite so dandy as Mr. Pellew's," I said, mischievously. "And a good deal depends upon a man's boots. Mr. Pellew's Hessians are a little too fine for our parlors."

* * * * * *

"Madeline," said Tom the next evening, mother being gone to bed as usual, "have you written to Mr. Brydges?"

Her face grew red, then white, but she said "No," quite steadily.

"Why do you delay?" asked Tom, "and this madman pestering you daily."

"Why should I write to Mr. Brydges?" she asked.

"To demand your legacy," said Tom, "the conditions now being fulfilled."

"Are they?" she answered. "Did I say 'No' when you asked me to be your wife? I don't remember it."

"Madeline," cried Tom, coming over to her side, and leaning over her, breathless, "what do you mean? Tell me quickly."

"I mean that I cannot take advantage of your generosity," she said, calmly. "My aunt has done you a great injustice in her will; why should I perpetuate it? Let us share this money."

"The hundred a year?" asked Tom, faltering more and more.

"No, I mean the whole fortune," she said, holding out her hand to him in the same cold, calm way. "You are a good man, and you love me,—that I truly believe. Take me, if you will."

Tom did not touch her hand.

"Not for the sake of the money," he said, sorrowfully. "Surely you do not accept me for the sake of the money? I cannot buy you, Madeline. Unless you come to me with a willing heart, Heaven forbid that I should selfishly yield to the weakness of my own. It is cruel to tempt me with your hand, not loving me."

He took her hand in his as he spoke, then laid it softly down and turned away. In my eyes he seemed then a very king for dignity, and truth, and honor.

"Tom," said Madeline, in her softest voice, "you are worthy of the noblest love a woman can give, but I have none to offer you. I come to you bitter, angry, and forsaken. Yet let me say this: if I had to choose this moment between you and the man who, like a coward, has deserted me and insulted me in my distress, I would choose you. To you I give my whole esteem—to him I give my contempt, and the dregs of love that I despise."

"Ah, Madeline, you speak in anger," said Tom. But he came back to her and looked wistfully into her eyes.

"I speak deliberately," she answered.

"But you love him still," continued Tom, (he had her hands in his now,) "and married to me, you would be unhappy and full of regret."

"I am not so weak as to cherish love for a man who has calumniated and forsaken me," she said, answering the first question only.

"That's pride again." I muttered to myself. "I wish she would think of Tom a little more, and of her own feelings a little less." But his great love bewildered and blinded him, and mistaking her answer, he fancied she surely loved him a little, else she would not of her own accord accept his big true heart. So he put his arm around her, and would have kissed her, but she drew back, and laid both her hands upon his shoulder.

"I have something to tell you first," she said. "I have a confession to make to you."

Then she turned her eyes on me, as much as to say, "Go, if you please, Miss Alice." But I held my ground.

"If you put me out of the room," I said, "I shall listen at the door; and if I can't hear then, I shall go round to the window. I warned you I was the most curious girl alive."

"It matters very little," she observed, as Tom ordered me to go—"let her stay. Perhaps she had better hear it. I wish you to know that, in taking me, you do not ally yourself with a guilty name as you think. I know you think, for a surety, that my father was an innocent man; I know it as certainly as I know who the real culprit is."

Tom seemed startled and distressed.

"Why speak of this, Madeline?" he asked. "It is you whom I love. I needed no assurance of this kind from your lips."

"But for my own sake, for justice' sake, I desired to tell you," she said.

"Herself again," I grumbled. "The bucket always comes from the same well."

"And you must never ask me for the proof," she continued, her hands still on his shoulders; "neither must you demand of me the name of the person for whose guilt my father perished,—I have promised never to reveal it. Now tell me, honestly, can you let me keep this secret, and not be angry? It is the only one I shall ever have. All other thoughts of my heart shall be open to you; but I desire to keep this secret not only for my promise's sake—though I scorn to break a promise,—but for the sake of an old man, a dying man, who succored me from childhood, and whose love and kindness have been my shield against the orphan's fate,—cruelty and neglect. Now will you let me fulfil my duty towards this friend, as my own conscience tells me I should?—and will you never interfere with my desire for silence?"

"Never," returned Tom, solemnly. "Loving you as I do, it would be strange if I could not trust you."

"It is fair I should tell you that Maurice Pellew would not trust me," she said, proudly.

"I am glad he wouldn't," replied Tom, smiling a little; "his want of sense has made me so happy. And, as it appears to me, this affair is entirely your own: if your own conscience tells you that it would be wise and kind to keep this wretched man's name and guilt a secret, I see no reason why you should not. It might be gratifying to clear a father's memory, but if you owe a clearer duty to your adopted father, to my mind you do right to fulfil it."

"I was sure you would say so," she answered, quietly. "Yet there is one thing more I must tell you: I am a mark for scandal. Lord Crehylls has quitted his home, never to return, and Mr. Pellew believes me to be the cause. I confess it. I am the cause—the innocent cause—of this exile; and I must ask you to be content with this assertion, and never demand of me a fuller explanation."

"I am content," said Tom, as his kindly face beamed with joy. "What more can I want than your word?"

Then her hand fell from his shoulder, and turning away, she said, almost in a whisper, "You shall never repent trusting me, Tom. I will try all my life long to repay you."

She gave herself to him by those words; and feeling this, Tom clasped her in his arms and kissed her. He was bright and radiant, she calm and quiet; and when his lips touched hers, her face was colorless as marble. I noticed she had never once said she loved him.

That is how they came to marry; and I never liked it from the first. I was downright angry the next day when she took me aside, and told me what the doctor had said to her about mother. She must go abroad to a warm climate, or she would die.

"So Tom and I will marry at once," she said; "then he will have money to take her."

"If you marry for this, thinking you do Tom a kindness," I cried, "you are very wicked. Such a deed would cut him to the soul. He would rather die than take you for his wife, if you do not love him."

"You are a child," she answered, coldly. "What do you know of love?"

"I don't know love, but I know Tom," I returned, "and that is enough. Besides, how can we go abroad amidst all this fighting?"

However, before that day fortnight, they were married, and we had sailed away from England. Just before we left, there came a letter for her. She did not know the writing or the address; it was Mr. Pellew's; but so altered through illness, she could not recognise it, and she opened it hastily. Then she saw his name, and called me to her side.

"Come here, Alice," she said, "and see me seal up this letter again. I will not read it. But here is another not his; it is from Lady Crehylls. I'll keep this. But I will not wrong Tom by reading a single line written by Mr. Pellew."

She said that; but I never saw a woman weep as she did that night.

* * * * * *

There is not much to tell for two years. Then poor mother, who at first had got better, grew worse, and died. Sick and weakly as mother had ever been, her loss was a great blow to us; for somehow she kept us toge her as one family. Her death made Tom a rich man, but not a happy one. Madeline had always been a cold, unloving life to him; and now that he was wealthy, and no longer needed her money, which she seemed to think she owed us, she grew colder, showing more than ever that she was not one of us, and often looking, in her weariness, as though our lives were a torture and a madness to her passionate, impulsive nature. And yet, through all her fitful moods—her silence, her coldness, her storms of repentance and sorrow—how Tom loved her and bore gently with her woe! Always hiding from himself the truth, that, as the years progressed, she grew more moody, more angry with the world and with herself.

About this time my brother Ned gave us trouble. He was bitten by the soldier mania; and though he was but a boy, he was big enough to be killed. And killed he was, poor fellow, by a French bullet. This grieved me so that Tom removed us to Naples for a change. There we stumbled upon father—positively father—alive and comfortable as ever. But that did not surprise me so much as to see Madeline make a friend of him. Madeline talked confidentially with him, and evidently showed there was a secret between him and her—a secret unknown to Tom. Oh, how she tried that good, kind heart!—how hard she tried it! Sometimes I think I will never forgive her.

Lord Crehylls was at Naples, too, a pale, melancholy man, half mad, people said, from long imprisonment in France. Madeline never spoke to him, but they passed each other at times, and he looked strangely at her face, and she at his. He had his son with him—a boy about the age of Alfred, on whom he doted—a pretty, fair-haired child; and he and Alfred, who was the light and life of our house, grew to be friends, and played together daily.

I am coming now to the saddest time of all my life, and I must hurry it, no matter how I mar the story in the telling.

Father had some grievance against Lord Crehylls—it was easy to see that.

"The money I have spent to find him," I heard him say one day to Madeline, (I was always prying about—I confess that,) "and now to be kicked from his door by these lazzaroni of his. I'll not bear it. I'll show him Dick Rathline is a gentleman not to be insulted with impunity. God, the loss is his, in not seeing me—not mine. I could tell him something to set his hair on end."

"You had better be quiet," said Madeline, seeing me listening.

"I think so," I answered. "You had better be quiet for once, and for all. I hate such dark lantern talk."

Soon after this, being in our garden late one night, I saw Madeline sitting in the balcony alone. In the moonlight her face looked strangely white, and beautiful as a statue's. In a minute she began to sing softly to herself, and from singing she fell to weeping. Then I saw my brother, from the room within, rise and come to her. I could hear their voices plainly, and I listened to them. I always listened when I could. I am of a mighty prying disposition, and always try to hear all I can.

"Madeline," said Tom, "if all the love that I have given you cannot win love back, if my presence pains you, and kind words only vex you to tears, let us part."

"Part!" she said, in a strange voice; "part. Would you leave me! I should be wretched then, indeed."

Her face fell down upon her hand, and I heard her sob bitterly.

"Do I mistake you, Madeline?" said her husband. "I long only for your happiness; for that I could break my own heart, and leave you. Why should I persecute you with my love, when it is only a weariness to you?"

"Tom, dear Tom!" she cried, with arms thrown suddenly about his neck, "it is not so. You mistake me, indeed. I am not worthy of your love. I am full of revenge, bitterness, and hatred. I cannot be happy. There are memories which rankle in my mind; there has been a blight over me from childhood. I am writhing always beneath a great injustice. I want revenge—revenge—and I must have it."

"My dear love," said Tom, soothingly, "let us be happier together, and leave vengeance to Him to whom it belongeth."

"You are always good," she murmured; "you are a thousand times better than I. Without you, I should sink—sink down into the wicked woman that I am. And yet you love me?" she added, as if in wonder.

I could not hear Tom's answer, but Madeline's next words came upon my ear distinctly, ringing passionately through the night air.

"If God had given me a child," said she, "I should have found peace. Agatha Crehylls has a son—I am childless."

"Is Alfred not one?" asked Tom, cheerfully. "I look on him as our own. He is a splendid boy."

She did not heed his words.

"Agatha Crehylls," she repeated, "the woman for whose happiness my life was crushed—for whom, lest a breath of sorrow should touch her, I was made to lie and hide my name—she has a child."

"But you confess you have sent her husband from her," urged Tom, gently. "And I have kept my promise and never asked the cause."

"Yes," she said, "it is true her husband is an exile, but her child will soon be with her. He goes back to England in a week. To think of her joy, burns my heart up. Through her I lost my father and my friend Mr. Lanyon, and my lover—the poor, false man. If through her I never incur another loss, let her look to it, for the chain holding the evil down within me will snap like threads."

"Hush!" interposed Tom. "You talk wildly, Madeline. Morbid thought has warped your nature. Do not fear that Lady Crehylls will be too happy when her boy returns. Remember, her father is dead and her husband and she are parted forever. I am sorry the boy goes; Alfred will lose his playfellow."

"And Agatha Crehylls will regain her child. I wish the boy would die," she said bitterly, "that she might never see his face again."

"Are you so envious?" asked Tom. Then he bent over her pitifully, saying, in the words of Elkanah, "Do not grieve, Madeline that we are childless. Am I not more to thee than ten sons?"

With his arm around her he drew her within the window; and soon I heard her voice sweeping out into the night, singing to him the sweet air, "Home, Sweet Home."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Farmer and Lawyer.

From the French.

TOWNS and cities as well as men, seem to possess an individuality. Manufacturing or Commercial; Educational or devoted to recreation and idleness, they almost all reveal by their appearance, the nature of their inhabitants. Pass through Rouen, Lyons, Brest or Strasbourg, and look around you; all that meets your eye in either city, will be a revelation of its tastes and customs; and the history of each population, we find as it were, written in its streets.

A traveler is impressed particularly with this truth in visiting Rennes.

He sees lofty edifices with a magisterial air; magnificent avenues, and solitary promenades, where at long intervals, he meets none but thoughtful students; and he will recognise it at once as the Capital of Ancient Brittany; the seat of her Parliament; the city of science whither come all the serious youths of the province to be educated. That which predominates in the appearance of Rennes is its gravity. The whole place is as calm as a tribunal; and indeed it has been called "the home of the Law," for there is its temple; its high priests, and its most fervent admirers; and they come from far and near to seek information and to demand counsel there.

To go to Rennes without "Consulting," seemed as impossible and strange for a Breton, as for a Greek to pass by the Delphian temple without questioning the oracle. It is a part of the world in which Time makes little change; and it was as true at the end of the last century as to-day, that the rustics of that country are a timid race, and accustomed to take precautionary measures. And so it happened that one day a farmer named Bernard, having gone to Rennes upon certain business; finding that there still remained some time after its completion; thought it could not be better spent, than in consulting a lawyer.

He had often heard of "M. Potier de la Germondais," whose reputation was so great, that a person thought his suit gained, if he was so fortunate as to secure his advice. The countryman ascertaining his address, hastened to his house in "rue St. Georges."

His clients were many, and Bernard after waiting a long while, was ushered into his presence. M. Potier bade him be seated; then giving him an inquisitorial look, demanded his business.

"Par mafoi, monsieur," said the farmer, twisting his hat; "I have heard so much of you, that as I was in Rennes, I thought best to consult you against a time of need."

"I thank you for your confidence, my friend," said M. Potier; "but you have doubtless a law suit, or some business on hand."

"A law suit! I abominate them, and never has Pierre Bernard had a hard word with any person."

"Then is it not a liquidation; a division of family estate?"

"Pardon me, Monsieur! my family and myself have never had to make a division: since we 'take to the same kneading trough' as they say."

"It must be then some contract; some matter of buying or selling."

"Far from that, Monsieur; for I am not rich enough to buy, nor poor enough to sell."

"What then can you want of me?" said the astonished lawyer.

"Ah, well! I have told you," said Bernard with an embarrassed grin; "I wish a 'Consultation.' As for the silver—the money—that is all ready: for as I am in Rennes, I thought I might sometime find it useful."

M. Potier, smiling, took up his pen and paper, and inquired the name of his client.

"Pierre Bernard," replied he, happy that at last he had made himself understood.

"Your age?"

"Thirty years, or about that."

"Your profession?"

"My profession! Ah, yes! that is what do I do? I am a farmer."

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper, and handed it to his strange visitor.

"Is it finished already?" said Bernard; "so soon! How much shall I pay you for the 'Consultation,' Monsieur l'avocat?"

"Three francs."

The farmer paid it without complaining; sprung to his feet, and left deliguted that he had availed himself of this opportunity.

It was late in the day when he reached his home, and wearied with his journey, he was ready for repose.

But his crops having been cut two days already; were completely dried, and one of his boys came hurriedly to inquire if they ought not be gathered.

"To-night!" broke in the farmer's wife: "it would be great folly to commence work so late, when to-morrow they can be put in without hurrying."

The boy suggested that the weather might change; that the teams were ready, and the hands unemployed.

But the woman insisted that the wind was right for fair weather, and the night would soon be upon them.

Bernard, who stood listening to the two disputants, scarce knew what to decide, until all at once he remembered the paper of the lawyer.

"Wait a minute," said he; "I have here a 'Consultation,' from the famous Potier. It has cost me three francs, and ought certainly to decide this business for us. Look at it and tell us what it says, for you can read all writings."

The farmer's wife took the paper and read with hesitation these two lines: "Never put off until to-morrow, that which can be done to day."

"Is it that," said Bernard; while light seemed suddenly to flash upon him. "Then hurry up the carts, the girls and the boys, and let us put in the harvest."

His wife unwilling to yield, used other objections, but he still declared that having paid three francs for a "Consultation," he was determined to follow its advice. So he took the lead of his workers, set them an example, and before they slept, their task was finished.

The event proved well the wisdom of his conduct, for the weather changed during the night, an unexpected storm burst upon the valley: and the morning sun shone upon meadows which the swollen river had inundated; and the scene was one of ruin and wild desolation. The resources and wealth of the neighboring farmers were completely swept away; and Bernard alone had lost nothing. This first experience, gave him such faith in his new-found advice, that from that day, he adopted it as the rule of his conduct: and soon became (thanks to his order and his diligence) one of the richest farmers of the country. Above all, he never forgot the service that M. Potier had rendered him; and in acknowledgement of which, he presented him every year, a pair of his most rare and beautiful pullets; and he was accustomed to say to his neighbors whenever the profession of the law was mentioned: "After the commandments of the Lord, and the claims of the Church, nothing profits a man so much in this world, as the 'Consultation' of a good lawyer."

F. A. MITCHELL.

TRICKS OF PEDDLERS.—An itinerant jeweler, who is very honest in his business transactions, has a great horror of telling lies. Every morning ere he sets out on his journey he spreads his wares on the tables; his wife is summoned when all is ready. "Sarah, offer me $15 for that watch." Sarah makes the bid, which the husband refuses to take. Sarah then makes other offers for the rest of the articles, which her spouse habitually declines to accept. He then marches away with a clear conscience. When a customer bids $14 for the watch, his reply is. "My dear sir, I assure you I was offered $15 for the article this very morning and refused to take it." And so he proceeds with the remainder of his goods, and in each instance swearing that he has had such and such a bid already, which he refused. The jeweler is a thriving man, and clings to the old adage, "Honesty is the best policy."

Home is not a name or a form, not a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. Material and method will not and cannot make it. It must get its light and sweetness from those who inhabit it.

WHAT IS LIFE?

BY MRS. A. M. SUTTER.

"What is Life?"—Fond Youth replied,
"'Tis a sunlit sea, with a flowing tide,
Where the waves are bright as the skies above,
And the bark is guided by Hope and Love;
While the song of birds, and the breath of flowers,
Make glad the flight of the golden hours."

"What is Life?"—Stern Manhood said,
"'Tis a grave where early hopes lie dead,
A tomb with faded garlands deck'd,
A lee-shore where the heart is wreck'd;
While the sad deep knell of bygone time
Peals on the soul like a funeral chime."

"What is Life?"—Old Age drew near,
With tottering limbs, and snow-white hair,
And said, "'Tis a journey drear and cold,
Where death full oft doth spare the old,
To wander alone from day to day,
When all they loved have pass'd away."

"What is Life?"—A small still voice,
Replying, made my heart rejoice:—
"'Tis the night before that glorious day
When doubt and fear shall pass away,
And the tears of the mourner shall fall no more,
In the calm repose of the heavenly shore."

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

CHAPTER XLVI.

ONE fine morning in September a letter came to the office of Lonsdale & Son which presented very familiar features to those who received it. The creamy color of the envelope, the delicate handwriting, the faint perfume of violets, the crest on the seal—each and all were familiar.

"It is from Lady Chevenix," said Felix, as he placed it before his father—of all the letters that had been received from her he had never opened one.

Mr. Lonsdale read it, and then looked at his son.

"She is coming home," he announced. "She will be at Garswood by the end of the week, and wants me to see that everything is ready for her. I had better go over to the Hall at once. Ah, here is a postscript—there is sure to be one in a lady's letter!—Remember me kindly to Mrs. Lonsdale—and Felix.'"

"She is very kind," said Felix, as he sorted his papers. "I suppose you told her that an accumulation of business awaits her?"

"Yes. I thought it time she either returned or gave me fuller powers of acting," replied Mr. Lonsdale. "I am glad she is coming home. I do not like the Hall to be closed; it makes the whole neighborhood dull."

Darcy Lonsdale rode off at once with his good news; and very pleased the household at Garswood were. Their young mistress had been worshipped amongst them, and they were delighted at the thought of her return. Mr. Lonsdale gave all necessary orders, so that Lady Chevenix should find everything ready on her return, and should not miss any comfort or luxury.

He called on Mrs. Haye and found that she also had heard from her daughter, and that she was going to Garswood to be in readiness to receive her. Mrs. Haye had very ambitious views for her daughter; she had plenty of good advice to give her. Now that she had secured wealth and a title, she must look for something higher still.

"She ought to marry a duke next," she said to her husband; but Francis Haye answered—

"It is just possible she may not care to marry again."

His wife laughed at this.

"After proving herself so sensible, do you think she intends to retire upon her laurels? You may depend upon it, Francis, her second marriage will be far more brilliant than the first."

"You know best, of course, my dear," said Francis Haye meekly. "Violet owes a great deal to your training."

"I flatter myself," remarked Mrs. Haye, "that I have made her what she is. My prudence and diplomacy, during her first foolish engagement to Felix Lonsdale, made her Lady Chevenix."

"That I believe; but I doubt if she has ever been really happy since. Do you remember how she used to smile and blush when Felix came?"

"It was childish nonsense; she has something better to do than smile and blush now" replied Mrs. Haye severely. "I hope when she does come you will not encourage her in any nonsense. Only imagine if we should live to see her a duchess! I always knew that she would be fortunate in life. What a cruel thing it would have been if she had married Felix Lonsdale!"

At the end of the week another letter came to the office at Lilford, asking Darcy Lonsdale to go over to Lady Chevenix at once. He went, and on his return he said to Felix—

"There is a terrible accumulation of work at Garswood. Lady Chevenix wishes me to remain at the Hall for a week, and clear up all arrears. It will occupy a week—the Michaelmas accounts are always heavy—but Felix, I cannot spare a week. Lord Arlington's rent-dinner and many other things are close at hand. I do not think I can spare a week. I made a suggestion to Lady Chevenix, which she seemed very pleased with; it was that, instead of my going to the Hall for six days, we should both go for three—that is, of course, if you are willing."

"It is a matter of indifference to me, father," he replied. "Whichever plan suits you best, or pleases you best, I will follow."

"Then we will both go. It is far easier to go to Garswood and take a clerk with us than to have all that mass of documents brought to the office."

So it was settled that they were to go to the Hall, and do all the business as quickly as possible there.

"I shall prefer sitting up at night," said Felix. "I can always work better when there is perfect silence. A few hours' extra work each night, and we shall soon have finished."

He little dreamed to what that sitting up would lead.

They went on the Monday evening—a beautiful autumn evening, when the sunbeams fell on the gray walls and lighted up the picturesque mass of buildings. Several visitors were at the Hall. Captain Bell, Mrs. Haye, Miss Hethcote—who seemed as though she would never leave Lady Chevenix again—Lady Browning, and Miss Fern—all guests whom Lady Chevenix had invited.

Father and son were taken at once to her boudoir, where she sat alone; and never in her whole life had Violet looked so charming. The year of quietness and repose in the climate of Normandy had been marvellously beneficial to her. While there she had not a shadow of care; she had studied nothing except to forget the past, to realise her good fortune, and to recruit her health. The consequence was that she returned with a lovely and dainty bloom. There was no longer the faintest shadow on her face; it was full of radiant, laughing light; the violet eyes were clear and bright as stars, the scarlet lips untroubled.

Felix looked at her as she stood in the light of the setting sun, and his eyes were dazzled by her beauty and loveliness. She wore a dress of rich black velvet cut square so as to show the white neck, on which a diamond cross gleamed like fire. She wore diamond bracelets on her arms; diamond stars shone in the coils of golden hair.

In kindliest greeting she held out her white jewelled hands to Mr. Lonsdale and his son; but her marvellous beauty had for a few minutes stricken them dumb.

"I am so delighted!" she said; and truth shone in her beautiful eyes. "I thought I would see you here first, away from the other guests, because I wanted to talk to you. Mr. Lonsdale, take this easy-chair. Felix"—she had quite fallen into the old practice of calling him Felix—"sit here. I did not see you"—to Felix—"to bid you good-bye; but I am well pleased to see you on my return. There is no place like home is there, after all? Normandy was very beautiful, but Garswood is home. Now tell me all that has been done in Lilford since I left. You were at Lady Maude's wedding—tell me about it, Felix. I am so glad she married her hero after all."

They spent one of the pleasantest hours that could be imagined. The same idea struck both father and son. Lady Chevenix seemed to have grown young again; her sunny smiles, her unusual laughter, her quick, clever repartee, her keen enjoyment of their society—all were noticeable. She had indeed altered; she was like beautiful Violet Haye; all trace of the quiet, cold Lady Chevenix had vanished.

Then her smiles died away for a few minutes as they talked of the terrible trial they had gone through together. She looked with soft luminous eyes into Darcy Lonsdale's face.

"What old friends we are!" she said thoughtfully. "And how strange it seems that you should have been with me when he died—that Felix should have been my chief comfort! What a riddle life is to read!"

After a few minutes Mr. Lonsdale remarked—

"You must not charm us into forgetting our work, Lady Chevenix; there is so very much to be done."

"You can begin as early as you like in the morning," she said, "but this one evening you must give to me. Think what a pleasure it is to me to talk to such old friends. I shall get up early too, and see that you have breakfast before you begin. I shall make your tea; I am sure that no one else could make it nicely enough."

Darcy Lonsdale told her laughingly that she would spoil him; and both gentlemen were surprised to find that they had been talking for an hour instead of a few minutes.

They rose when the first bell rang for dinner, and Lady Chevenix, looking at Felix, asked him—

"How is Evelyn Lester?"

He told her that she was not looking either bright or well lately; and then they separated.

Long after father and son had left her, the beautiful woman sat with a happy brooding light in her eyes, and a smile like summer sunshine on her lips. And when she rose to return to her visitors she murmured to herself—

"At last, my love, at last!"

It was a pleasant evening; the dinner-party was bright and cheerful, and after dinner the guests had music, cards, and conversation. More than once Lady Chevenix made room for Felix near her and talked to him. But, if Lady Chevenix was unusually kind, Mrs. Haye was unusually cold to him; whenever she saw her daughter talking to him, under some pretext or other she interrupted the conversation. She tried to patronise him; but all efforts at patronage recoiled upon herself. There are some men who never will be patronised, and he was one; his natural pride and dignity of character quite prevented it.

The evening was a very pleasant one. Lady Chevenix was a charming hostess; she neglected no one. She had the rare gift of making every one feel perfectly at home, and each one separately seemed to be her most favored guest. Felix could not help contrasting that visit with his last, when she had suffered such tortures of anxiety and humiliation. He could not help thinking of the unhappy man who had died so young, a victim to his own folly—the man who had once been master of all this wealth and had made bad use of it.

It was a pleasant evening. If Felix had been more vain, he must have seen with what great respect and consideration he was treated—how Lady Chevenix deferred to him on every point—how she consulted his tastes, his wishes, his convenience. If he had been more vain, he would have been more flattered by it—he would have seen it. But he did not. The chief thing that struck him was the coldness and reserve of Mrs. Haye.

During the next few days father and son worked hard; they rose early and did not leave work until it was time to prepare for dinner. Darcy Lonsdale declared that Lady Chevenix would spoil him. She devoted herself almost entirely to their comfort; she studied them.

At the end of the third day there yet remained three or four hours' hard work.

"We must go to-morrow," said Darcy; "we must leave the first thing in the morning, let what will happen."

Felix decided to go back to his writing immediately after dinner, and not to pause until he had finished. That was the only plan. Lady Chevenix smiled thoughtfully when she heard it.

"It will be best," she agreed. "I will see that Felix has a cheerful fire and refreshments. How good you both are to work so hard over my affairs!"

So, when the dinner was ended, Felix went back to the library and began to write. Lady Chevenix sent him a cup of her favorite *café noir*. Later on a servant carried in a refreshment tray, which was placed on a table near him. He heard the sound of music and laughter, which, as night drew on, ceased. His father came in and said "Good night" to him; and then silence fell over the house.

CHAPTER XLVII.

As Felix Lonsdale wrote busily, there came to him the memory of a story he had read, in which a lawyer like himself sat alone in the library of a country-house, and the spirit of its dead owner came to tell him of some wrong that he had done in life.

"It is a pleasant thought!" smiled Felix to himself; and then he was startled for a moment. A faint odor of violets floated near him, and, looking up, he saw Lady Chevenix.

She was standing by his side, looking down on him with a light on her face that had not shone there for long years. Never had this beautiful woman looked more beautiful than now, with her charming head bent over him, standing in the half-darkened room like a vision of light. The crimson glow of the fire and the soft radiance from the lamp on the table fell over her. She wore a very handsome dress, which showed her lovely shoulders, her white neck and rounded arms—a dress that in the ruddy firelight presented most marvellous hues. With it she wore a diamond necklace, and diamond stars shone in the golden hair.

There was something more than beauty in her face, he knew it the moment he raised his eyes and saw her. There was love—love such as had not shone there since she had bidden him farewell. The firelight gleamed on her jewelled hands, on her marvellous face, her golden hair. She stood before him in all the pride and magnificence of her wealth and her loveliness, a vision such as rarely greets the eyes of man. And, as he looked at her, with somewhat of wonder and inquiry on his face, she sank slowly on to her knees, and bent her head before him.

"Lady Chevenix," he cried, "you must not do that! I cannot allow it!"

She laid her hand on his arm—the hand on which shone her wedding ring.

"Listen to me, Felix," she said—and the sweet voice stirred unwontedly his heart and soul. "I have waited impatiently for this hour. You are going away to-morrow; and I must speak to you to-night. Marion is in the ante-room there: I brought her with me. I told her I must speak to you to-night, and she came at once. Felix, will you listen?"

"How can I help but listen?" he replied. "What do you wish to say to me, Lady Chevenix."

With a charming gesture of impatience she laid a finger on his lips.

"You must not call me 'Lady Chevenix,'" she said. "I am 'Violet' to you. Say 'Violet,' and then I will tell you what I came for."

Perhaps, if he had had time to prepare himself, to think matters over, to take some precautions, he would have known better how to listen and what to say. As it was, she seemed suddenly to have taken possession of him—of his whole nature.

"You make me say what you will, Violet," said he.

She clasped her hands, and laid them upon his arm.

"I want to tell you a story, Felix," she said—"give me your attention while I narrate it. Years ago there was a girl—young, foolish, and, the world said, fair. She was vain, too, of her beauty, and expected to achieve great things with it. She loved with all her heart some one who was more than worthy of her love, and she promised to be his wife. But sorrow and misfortune came to him, while a wealthy wooer sought her—one who offered her wealth and title, houses and lands—and she—well I am ashamed of her, Felix. She was vain, and much weaker than a woman; she was young, too, and not over-wise. She had nobility enough, however, to see what was right—though not to do it. She was tempted by her love of luxury and comfort—she was badly advised, wrongly influenced; and she, weaker, I say again, than a woman, gave up her lover—the one man in the world whom she loved—and married the wealthy suitor. How she suffered no one knows, no one can tell. Her marriage turned out to be a most disastrous one. She had money, luxury of every kind, but she never had one moment of happiness—one moment of peace, of rest. She had outward gaiety, outward brilliancy and pleasure; but her life was one round of lamentation and anxious sorrow. No one knew what she suffered; no one knew how she regretted the true, dear love who would have made her life a heaven on earth. After she was married she met him again, and—well, he was always cold and distant to her. What she thought and what she suffered was known to herself. Then, after long years of humiliating servitude, she was alone again, and free. What do you think she did, Felix?"

"I cannot say," he replied, in a low, hoarse voice.

"I will tell you. After those long years she found that she still loved the dear companion of her youth. She said to herself that he had never married—perhaps he still cared for her—and one night when he was sitting alone, she went to him, as I have come to you, knelt by his side, as I kneel by yours, and prayed to him, as I pray to you, 'Oh, my lost love, my dear love, forgive me, and take me to your heart again.'" And the lovely head dropped until it lay upon his arm.

He made no answer just then. His whole soul was stirred within him—his whole heart touched. After a few minutes she raised her face to his, and he saw tears upon it.

"Violet," he said, "I do not know what to say to you. You have taken me so completely by surprise. I am lost—bewildered. I cannot collect myself."

"I thought you would say 'yes' to me at once," she returned sadly. "Oh, Felix, have you not forgiven me? Tell me that first. Have you forgiven me?"

He looked at her thoughtfully, watching the firelight gleaming off her golden hair and on her rich jewels.

"Yes, I have forgiven you, Violet—I forgave you long ago."

"Quite, or was it only a half forgiveness, Felix?"

"Quite," he replied. "I am sure of it. My heart was full of hot anger for many long months, but it died away; and then, when I saw that you were not happy, I forgave you."

"With all your heart, Felix?"

"With all my heart," he answered; and then there was silence for a few minutes between them.

"You forgave me? Then, Felix, why will you not take me into your heart again?"

His face grew deadly pale—his hands trembled. She saw such deep emotion in his face that her own grew pale.

"You see but one side of the question," he said. "Now listen to me. I loved a girl, Violet—ah, Heaven, how I loved her! She was the very light of my eyes. She was the pulse of my heart. She was the very soul of my life—my one priceless jewel. She loved me, her fair face brightened for me, her sweet eyes rained love and kindness on me, her voice made all my music. I had no life outside her sweet life. Heaven forgive me, I worshipped her—no man ever worshipped a woman so madly, so blindly, or so well. If at any time my poor life would have served her, I would have given it. If at any time I could have died for her, I would have died. And she was kind to me. It drives me mad even now, when I remember that she once placed her arms around my neck and promised to be my

wife. Then over the heaven of my content what clouds came. I was working, as man seldom works, to make a home for my darling, and place her in it. I was seeking every picture, every ornament that I thought would beautify a home, for one who would herself adorn it most. What happened? A wealthier lover came—not, mind you, not one who loved her more, not one whom she could love—a man, to say the best of him, coarse of soul and hard of heart; he could not even appreciate the exquisite loveliness of my love. He held out his hands to her, and they were filled with gold; he offered her title, money, jewels—everything that women love. He laughed to scorn the notion that any tie to me bound her. 'Leave him,' he said; 'he is poor. Come to me, I am rich.' What did she do, this love of mine, who held my heart in her hands?"

The beautiful head dropped lower and lower.

"Have pity on me, Felix," she cried; "have pity."

"I do not mean to be hard; I am only telling the truth. This is my version of the story, Violet. What did she do? Did the first noble instincts of true womanhood come to her? Did she turn with fidelity to me? No. She flung my love back in my face, she trampled my life under her feet, and she crushed my heart in her hand—she jilted me! Nay, do not shrink from the word, Violet; it is the only one. She jilted me—left me to be the subject of men's laughter and women's jeers, left me to a burning fire of anguish that nothing could slacken or cool, left me with my life ruined."

Again she raised her hand to him, and cried:

"Have pity on me! You are terribly hard."

"Nay, I am but just, Violet. And then this woman who had left me to laughter and ruin came to me—oh, Heaven, that woman can be so light!—came to me with a smile, and asked me to take her into my heart again. The past, which has been one long agony to me, was to me condoned by a smile, the torture of years to be soothed by a few kind words!"

He stopped; the passion of his own words mastered him.

"You said you had forgiven me, dear," and Violet's hands touched his clustering hair.

"Yes; I have forgiven you. Listen to me, Violet. She came to me again; this woman who had betrayed me, with the dead man's spoils in her hand. She came to me bright with jewels, radiant with the magnificence his wealth had provided for her—the wealth for which she left me. She held out her hand to me laden with his treasures: she brought to me the spoils her perfidy and falsehood had won for her. I should be less than a man if I shared those spoils with her—should I not, Violet? When you left me, and men laughed because you had left me for money, my very sorrow had a dignity in it. What should I be, now, even in your eyes, if I took you back to my heart with the same money that your falsehood had won? I should be less than a man."

"I cannot understand you," she said piteously.

In his passion he seemed to rise to a height which that weak soul could not reach; but the pitiful pleading voice touched him and made him gentle again. He looked down into the lovely face.

"Violet, you will understand this. Suppose that when you loved me most I had left you and had married a rich woman—a woman whom I did not love, but married because she was rich—that she died after a few years, and I came back to you with her money in my hands, and asked you to share it—would you do so?"

"Yes, I think I should, Felix."

"Perhaps I might have expected such an answer from you. I would not act in such a fashion. I should be less than a man now to take dead Sir Owen's gold, and with it you."

She looked at him with a half bewildered air, yet still seemed to think that she could persuade and soften him by sweet words.

"I have been so unhappy without you, Felix," she murmured. "You do not know all: it seemed to me as though I had lost the half of my soul when I lost you—it is not wrong to say so to you now. I was very unhappy, Felix. I found out afterwards that I could never be happy without you."

He made no answer, and she took courage. She laid her face on his arm. The waves of golden hair fell over his hands.

"Do forgive me, Felix," she said. "I was so young, and so thoughtless. I did not understand."

So she knelt, while the firelight played over her, and the face of Felix Lonsdale was turned from her.

"I am sorry for it all, Felix," the sweet voice went on—"so very sorry. You see, dear, there were great excuses for me, though they do not seem great to you. I was very vain—every one flattered and praised me, and I was led away. I thought my beauty was great enough to merit any station. Then, Felix, I was so young—oh, my dear, forgive me, I was so young—and foolish! I have repented of it ever since. I love you now just as much as when we stood in the moonlight together."

He raised her face and looked into it. It was beautiful enough to tempt any man to forego honor. He looked into the depths of the violet eyes.

"You are sorry for it, Violet," he said—"really and truly sorry?"

"Yes: I am indeed, Felix;" and her hands were clasped round his own.

"Answer me truly—if the time came over again, would you act in the same manner?"

The soft eyes wavered half a moment, and then fell.

"I cannot tell; it cannot come over again. That is a strange question. Answer me one—truly, Felix. Do you love me?"

She saw the sudden gleam of passion light in his face and deepen in his eyes.

"Do I love you? Yes. Heaven help me, I do! If I did not love you, I should not suffer."

"You are quite sure that you have not met any one since whom you liked even ever so little, Felix?"

"No," he answered; "when a man has loved a woman like you, Violet, it is not easy to forget her."

"Then, Felix, if you love me and I love you, why should we not be happy? What stands between us?"

"My own honor," he replied—"my dignity as a man, my pride as a gentleman. If you were penniless, Violet, I would kneel to you, I vow, and pray you to be my wife."

"What stands between us, Felix?" she asked again.

"Your dead husband's gold—the gold for which you broke your plighted troth and left me. You say, Violet, that you were young and thoughtless when you sinned, that you hardly realised all you were doing. I believe that. Suppose now I believed in you, and again let myself drift upon the golden sea of hope and love. Some wealthier suitor might come—an earl this time—and you would leave me once more."

"No, never again," she cried, clinging to him—"never again!"

His face softened into deepest tenderness as he looked at her. The old love so long trampled down and repressed seemed to leap into new and vigorous life.

"Never again!" she repeated. "I love you—and I would be true to you!"

"Then give me a proof. I hate this wealth for which you forsook me! I hate this splendor and magnificence for which you bartered your truth and fidelity! I will never benefit by them. They robbed me of you, they destroyed the best part of my life—I will have none of them! No man shall say to me that I profited by your falsehood and enjoyed the price of your sin—for it was a sin, Violet. Listen to me, my darling. This is what my honor dictates—and my honor is dearer to me than my life. I love you, and ask no higher gift from Heaven than to call you my own; but you must come to me unfettered with dead Sir Owen's wealth—I will have none of it! You must give up your mansion, your jewels, your servants—all the magnificence furnished by him. I will provide a beautiful house for you—not grand and stately like this, but a home that shall be a heaven of love. You married for money, Violet—money did not bring you happiness. Now marry for love—that will."

She looked up at him with a bewildered air.

"I do not understand. Do you mean that I am to surrender all the fortune my husband has left me?"

"I mean just that, Violet; I will never share it."

"But, Felix," she said, "that would be absurd, now that it is all mine to do as I like with. What could I do with it?"

"Build hospitals, churches—anything you like, except keep it."

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"Do you not think that that is very hard?" she said.

"No, I do not; to share it, to benefit by it, would seem to me like sharing a sin. There is the true test of love, Violet. I forgive with all my heart the fault which you say was committed in the thoughtlessness of youth—now I give you the chance of redeeming it. Give up the wealth which tempted you to do me wrong, and I will bless the day that brings you to me again."

He looked at the diamond necklace she wore; unclasping it, he laid it upon the table.

"Your neck is a thousand times more beautiful," he said; "without that circlet. Can you give up all such deckings, Violet?"

"It is such a thing to ask me," she said.

"It is a true test of love. You had to choose once before between me and money—then you chose money. I place the two before you again—which will you choose? You cannot plead youth, or ignorance, or vanity, or even undue influence now. You have learned many things; and I say this is a true test of love. But, Violet, it is not fair to ask you to decide hurriedly—take time over it. It is much I know; but I offer something better in return—and you shall never repent the sacrifice."

"All the world would laugh at me," she said.

"The world would say you had given up all for love. But, Violet, mind, I do not wish to persuade you. I leave the decision to yourself. For the second time in your life you have to choose between love and money. Ponder it, and tell me in a few days what you have decided upon."

She looked up at him wistfully.

"Is that your final decision, Felix?" she asked.

"Yes; I cannot change it, Violet. Most men make an idol of something; my idol is self respect," he replied.

"Could you not make an idol of me?" she whispered.

"Yes, if you are not framed in a golden setting," he answered.

She was silent then for a few minutes, while the firelight played over her golden hair, and he drew the long shining tresses through his fingers. She laid her head on his breast and closed her eyes.

"Let me rest here for a few minutes," she said; "here only have I ever found rest on earth."

When she raised her eyes to his, they were wet with tears.

"Felix," she said, "I must go now; it is growing late. Will you kiss me before I go?"

He bent down and kissed the lovely face—not once, but many times. Then she rose to quit the room. He remembered long afterwards how she kept her eyes fixed on his face until she reached the door.

"Good bye, Felix," she said—and the very tone of her voice was like a sigh.

He had kept himself outwardly very calm during the interview. Violet did not know what a terrible tempest was raging within him. He threw aside paper and pen when the door was closed.

"I can write no more!" he said.

His heart beat fast and his brain seemed to be on fire—every pulse throbbed wildly every nerve was strained.

"I must go out into the air," he told himself; "these walls are stifling me."

He went out through the window; and he spent the night, as he had spent many another, in walking rapidly, so that he might beat down the temptation that was come to him.

For it was a temptation. So loving and so lovely, so gracious and fair, was Violet that he could have clasped her to his breast, and could have cried out in rapture that she was his. But honor stood between them. He would never accept the dead man's gold.

In the morning he did not see Violet at the early breakfast. Miss Hethcote came down and made tea. Lady Chevenix had sent her, she said. She did not seem quite well. Miss Hethcote looked inquiringly at Felix, as though she would fain ask what had passed between them: but no word was spoken, and Darcy Lonsdale left Garswood quite unconscious that it had been offered to his son.

The next two days were days of torture to Felix. How he passed them he never knew. On the third came a letter in the well known handwriting, with the faint familiar odor of violets. He knew it was Violet's answer; and, though he was a strong brave, man, he trembled to open it. Within that folded paper lay the words that might affect the whole of his future life. Either Violet had written to say that for his sake she would give up wealth, luxury, and magnificence, or she had decided on giving him up to retain that to which her heart clung.

"It was the only test," he said, as he took the letter in his hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BATS AND THEIR WAYS.—Bats live their active lives in the night; when sunlight comes they fly away to their holes, there to sleep until twilight comes again, when they resume their occupation of insect killing. The female bat has a hard time of it; she is the nest and has to procure the food for her young until they are themselves able to fly. Often have I seen a female bat with her young clinging to her breast, flying about in search of food, and the little ones were not so small either. How else could they get along? The old ones make no nest; if they wanted to ever so much they could not, and the chances are that from their wandering habits they spend the day in one place and the next in another two or three miles distant, just as they happen to be when day overtakes them, and if they left their young behind them the exact locality might be forgotten. When the young ones are able to shift for themselves their mother's life is easier, and until winter comes to kill their insect food she lives luxuriously. Then, when all nature is preparing to put on the livery of winter, bats, instead of leaving the scenes where they have passed the summer, repair to their haunts in the caves and walls, and hanging by their hind feet in little groups of five or six together, pass the dreary season in one unbroken sleep.

Matrimony and love-making through the columns of newspapers are on the rise in Germany and Austria. Vienna and Berlin newspapers have agencies for such purposes, and the business, reported to be profitable, is carried out on a cash basis.

Scientific and Useful.

LIVING TELEGRAPH POLES.—India is said to possess a convenient tree, called the "kapas," which is used as a telegraph post. When cut down, its branches partially removed and stuck in the ground, it readily takes root, thus checking the ravages of the white ants and becoming a living telegraph pole.

THE MOON.—One of the leading French astronomers has recently published a number of articles to prove that the moon is inhabited, and is now organizing a committee to collect the necessary funds to construct a refracting telescope of sufficient power to see them. He calculates the cost of the instrument at one million francs.

FELLING TREES BY ELECTRICITY.—Some Englishmen in India have tried the experiment of felling trees by electricity. Two ends of the copper wire of a galvanic battery were connected with platinum wire, which, of course, instantly became red hot, and while in that state was gently see-sawed across the trunk of the tree.

HOW FAR CAN WE SEE?—An object can be seen by the naked eye if the color is favorable at 3,000 times its own diameter. Thus, the greatest distance at which we could behold a globe one foot in diameter would be 3,000 feet or 1,000 yards. Some authorities however maintain that objects are visible at a greater distance than this.

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.—A Belgian physician, appointed to report on the prevalence of color blindness, attributes that disease to the excessive and general use of tobacco. A Brooklyn man has invented a portable electric lamp. A tray full of quicklime placed in damp closets, etc., will prevent mildew. The lime should be frequently renewed. From the debris of their coal mines France makes annually 700,000 tons of excellent fuel and Belgium 500,000 tons.

ORANGE WINE.—Experiments have recently been in progress in countries ravaged by the phylloxera in regard to the substitution of orange juice for grape juice in wine making. The first wine made from oranges, in Spain, has just made its appearance in the market of Valencia. Four kinds have been produced, one of them a sparkling wine. They are all said to be of attractive color, perfectly clear, of an agreeable, sweet, slightly acid flavor, and of an alcoholic strength of about 15 per cent.

A VALUABLE GLUE.—A valuable glue can be made from chestnuts by freezing them from the shells, grinding the kernel into a flour, mixing it well and washing in water, and passing through a sieve. The fine floury mass so obtained is washed in clear water several times, and allowed to settle. The sediment or starch thus deposited is dried in the air, and again treated with chloric water, washed again and made into a glue similar to that made from starch. The advantage of this glue is that it will retain its liquid state even at a cold temperature, while common glue must have a constant fire to keep it ready for use.

VENETIAN BLACK GLASS.—The black glass made in Venice is famous for the intensity of its color, and many attempts have been made to discover to what special ingredient this is due. It is now said that a German has ascertained by analysis that manganese is the substance used. To confirm this result, he melted in a small furnace a mixture of sand and sulphur, in which he introduced 15 per cent. of peroxide of manganese. He thus obtained a glass of a deep black color; in very fine threads or thin splinters it was of a sombre violet. In one word, it exactly presented, in respect to color, the same properties as genuine black Venetian glass.

Farm and Garden.

A ROYAL FARMER.—George the Third is known in English history as Ralf Robinson, farmer, and he contributed several papers to Arthur Young's Annals of Agriculture under that assumed name.

BORAX IN BUTTER.—The Italians are using powdered borax instead of salt, for preserving butter, and butter so treated is said to retain its sweetness for three months. It is a matter of taste whether salt or borax is preferable.

HORSE SHOES FOR FROSTY ROADS.—In Germany horseshoes are punctured with a hole at either end, into which, when the roads are slippery, a small iron spike is screwed. When the horse comes home to its stable, the groom unscrews the spikes and screws in a couple of buttons or studs, to prevent dirt from getting into the orifices. A similar shoe is also extensively used in England.

AN INTERESTING FACT.—It is said that the Texas cattle go to the rivers for water at noon, with the exception of a few, which remain behind to take care of the calves. One cow may often be seen watching twelve or fifteen calves, while their mothers have gone with the remainder of the herd to drink. After the return of the herd the 'watchers' take their turn. This fact is vouched for by several old herdsmen.

FLOWER-BED BORDERS.—For the winter, all flower borders should have a good covering of stable manure. In the spring the long stuff should be raked off, and the rest forked in. It will not only protect the roots against all injury during the winter, but the plants will appear in the spring greatly improved, and the flowers will be much more abundant, and prove of much higher and greater beauty.

THE ONION.—In the onion is strength—especially for the rheumatic. At any rate, "an extreme sufferer" in the British Isles, having during thirty years vainly tried the Turkish bath, galvanism, potions and plasters innumerable, finds now great relief by eating the onions escalent freely, cooked and raw. An English mother strongly recommends a weekly ration of the same pungent bulb, thoroughly boiled, as a preventive and cure for worms in children; also, for cold in the adult "chest" whenever occasion requires.

USEFUL HINTS.—Milk which is turned or changed may be sweetened and rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda. To save posts from decay dip the ends to be set in the ground in petroleum, paint or char them. They will last for thirty years. Warmth saves feed, helps fattening, and often prevents sickness, if not the total loss of an animal. To exterminate lice from fowls, dust the fowls thoroughly with sulphur. Apply with a pepper-box. Twenty-five gallons of water to twelve and a-half gallons of sulphuric acid will dissolve bones for fertilizing in its nature other than that of the sheep, and it does not so readily waste by exposure as that of other animals.

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FRESH AIR.

THERE is another luxury even cheaper than good cold water, even more conducive to health, and yet of which, as a whole, we are more chary still, and that is fresh air. We will go so far as to say that, except in malarious districts, or in the case of individuals whose lungs are affected, no one can fail to reap the benefit of sleeping with a few inches of window open. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that ordinary night air is necessarily unwholesome, especially when compared with the atmospheres laden with carbonic acid gas exhaled by one or more persons sleeping in a closely sealed apartment. Throughout the night the involuntary muscles of inspiration and expiration are at work; a certain amount of oxygen must be inhaled; the less of it there is in the room the greater the greater the number of inhalations required per minute, and therefore the greater exertion upon the muscles mentioned. Sleep is, therefore, the less refreshing under such circumstances. Let every one muffle his head in a blanket and he will find his respiration involuntarily increasing in rapidity, for he is exerting himself to an extra degree to oxygenate his system. And even when the night's rest is over it is obvious how grudgingly fresh air is admitted into bedrooms. Prejudice it undeniably is, and nothing more. Fifty years ago it would have been thought sheer insanity for a delicate lady to enter a cold bath of a morning straight from bed; yet thousands do so now, and do not shorten their lives by the process. We know of many cases where ladies who are by no means robust open a few inches of their bedroom windows at night, even when frost is on the ground; nor do they contract cold from it, but, on the contrary, are unusually free from such complaints.

IT is especially encouraging to one who can command few external advantages, to reflect that he is by no means dependent upon them for his success in life. It is true that the best results may be expected where a strong self-energy comes under wise instruction and guidance, but while the latter alone can do nothing, the former alone can do much; besides, it is never quite alone. Capacity and industry generally find appreciation and help, and are apt to make themselves all the more useful for their scarcity. All young persons can be, and should resolve to be self made.

A WISE moderation in all things is one of the chief rules of success. It is much better to leave something for the morrow than attempt too much to-day, and do nothing well. Each day should bring a resting time as well as a working time. While work is a necessity in one way or another to all of us, it is better to be moderate, for over work is mostly of our own making, and, like all self imposed burdens, is beyond our strength.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE treatment of persons of unsound mind in the hospitals and asylums of Mass. and the whole system of laws relative to cases of alleged insanity and the persons and estates of those charged as being incapable to manage their own affairs, is attracting wide attention there, and measures are likely soon to be taken which will lead to reform of shameful abuses. In furtherance of this object a grand meeting was recently held in Boston, which was addressed by some of the most prominent citizens, who urged the passage of some law to protect insane patients from the possibility of abuse, and secure proper supervision over insane asylums. It is a movement which should be endorsed and imitated by every state.

—

ENGLISH vegetarians who, like Miss Corson, are endeavoring to introduce the lentil as an article of food are disgusted—and not unjustly—with the popular ignorance and prejudice on the subject. One cargo has been lying at Gloucester for two years, waiting in vain for a purchaser, another was sold at Liverpool for pig feed, the purchaser not even venturing to give the lentils to his horses. One of the richest women in England and a rich Staffordshire manufacturer wanted the English name of lentils, both being ignorant that "lentile" is English; a clergyman thought they had "become extinct since the days of Esau and Jacob," and a lady in Dublin wanted to know "how much water was to be put down with each one."

—

ONE of the most wonderful features of the times, is the immense increase of exports of farm produce to Europe. A few years ago Philadelphia could not sustain a line of steamships, but during the later years eight or ten large vessels have been leaving regularly, and recently a half dozen more, exclusively for freight, have been added. We now learn from a Baltimore paper that Baltimore is making a bold push for the business of shipping Western cattle to England. Half a dozen iron steamships are to be put on the line soon, and the railroads will have convenient yards ready, so that cattle may be taken directly from Chicago to the steamship wharf with the least possible delay. This route is likely to command a large proportion of the export cattle trade of the West.

—

THE storms of the present winter at sea have been unusually severe and the record of wreck and disaster is unprecedented. Though far reaching in their severity their principal fury was spent on the Atlantic and on the North Atlantic coast, no less than 153 vessels having been either totally wrecked or seriously damaged in the gale of December 10. The loss to the merchant marine in the four principal gales of the autumn and winter is estimated at over $4,000,000, and has proved a heavy drain upon marine underwriters. The loss of life attendant upon shipwrecks has been unusually great, and has been swelled by several prominent disasters, among which are those of the Pommerania and Emily B. Souder. In the storms of December 10 and October 23, 127 persons are known to have lost their lives at sea.

—

COAL armor is the latest rage among English naval constructors. They have recently been making experiments and are discovering facts already well known on this side of the Atlantic. They have found that a coal bunker eight or ten feet wide, filled with coal, has been found to resist the projectiles of the four and a half ton gun (nearly seven inches bore), even when fired under conditions most favorable for penetration, and experiments have been tried by exploding shells with increased bursting charges in the coal, without setting it on fire. If they keep on with their experiments they may find that sand bags stowed in a compartment will keep out shot and shell and answer the purposes of armor cheaply and effectively, and by their use merchant steamers will make very respectable cruisers.

—

IN Japan, during the New Year's holidays, the shopkeepers are troubled by pilferers. Some of the lower class of Japanese actually believe that the theft of some article exhibited at the stalls or stands, without detection, will insure good fortune for the following year, and that the larger the article stolen the greater will be the luck to come. The thieves go in parties. One or two divert the attention of the shopman by asking the price of this or that ware, while the others carry off the bulkiest thing which they can manage without exposure. One young man last Christmas actually succeeded in carrying off a mortar hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, and used in pounding rice. It was some three feet high and four feet in diameter, and of course of enormous weight. An unsuccessful attempt makes the thief the laughing-stock of the crowd.

—

SOME interesting testimony relating to color-blindness was given before the Legislative Committee on Railroads in Boston recently. Dr. Jeffries proposed form instead of color to obviate the danger on railroads in the daytime, and some substitute for color at night. A red target, as the sun goes down, becomes darker and darker, until finally the color is almost black. To a color blind person any color that looks dark seems red; a brighter color seems green, and a color still brighter appears white. He is guided merely by the intensity of the light, which, in his case, takes the place of color. To a color-blind person, the shade called "London smoke" and red are the same, and in the manufacture of lanterns or signals this smoky shade is substituted for red. Many amusing tests were made, the confidence of the witnesses in their ability to select the colors requested being only equalled by the ludicrous mistakes made in the selections. Red-blindness, blue blindness, green-blindness, violet-blindness, and in fact every kind of color-blindness, was disclosed, one of the committee being shown to be color-blind.

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IN correcting a current report that only two women have ever been initiated as Freemasons the Montpelier (Vt) *Argus* says:—"Tradition has it that during the war of 1812, or thereabouts, a Miss Hathaway was initiated into one of the lodges on the northern frontier of Vermont. The lodge was held in an upper room, which was lathed but not plastered overhead, and Miss Hathaway, with the curiosity peculiar to her sex, determined to find out the secrets of Masonry, and so, previous to the opening of the lodge, quietly ascended to the attic of the lodge room, to take advantage of the crevices to listen and to observe the scenes enacting below. Whether frightened at the antics of the goat or horrified by the hot gridiron application or not, we are not informed, but by some mishap she missed her foothold, and came down through the lathing in the midst of the ceremonies, to the utter astonishment and dismay of the actors. Deeming discretion the better part of valor, they thought it wise to shut her mouth by a solemn obligation, which she kept to the close of her life.

—

THE rule of the French kitchen, which for a long time past has been invariably followed in France, is that the most substantial kind of food should be given first at dinner, so people may eat it while their appetites are vigorous, and that the lighter kinds should follow. It is also a rule of the French kitchen—not now unfortunately followed as strictly as formerly—that the simple flavors should come first and the more marked ones afterwards. In a French banquet, then, just as in the excellent old-fashioned English dinner, the soup was succeeded by large fish, and by joints or big pieces of meat, or by substantial birds. These were called releves, because they were put in the place of soup-tureens which were taken away. For a long time past, however, the term has usually been applied only to the dishes that come next to the soup: and the French releves, sometimes subdivided into releve de poisson and grosse piece are therefore the exact equivalent of the fish and joint of the English dinner. In the cooking, however, there is one important difference. Although the releve may consist of roast, it far more frequently consists of braised meat the simple reason for the fact being that French meat, inferior to the English, is much better adapted for braising than roasting.

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THE glowing accounts of the African interior, brought by Mr. Stanley, have fired the imaginations alike of missionaries, explorers, and traders. Stanley's estimate of the population of Africa (300,000,000 to 400,000,000 is probably only a wild guess; but no one can doubt that there is an immense population in the interior ready to exchange palm oil, iron, and gold dust for the products of British looms. The only difficulty is to get at them. Some of the projects that have this desirable end in view savor more of the magnificent than the practical. Mr. McKenzie has a scheme for letting the Atlantic into the desert of Sahara and thus converting it into an immense inland sea. Mr. Bradshaw proposes to form a trading company like the old East India Company, with a capital of £10,000,000. Others suggest the establishment of elephant caravans, while plans for the digging of canals and the construction of narrow-guage railroads are too numerous to mention. The Portugese are at present the only people who can be said to do any trade worth speaking of with Central Africa, and they are very anxious to keep every one else out of the field. They have had their chance to open up Africa to the world, and have missed it; and it is probable that the proper development of Africa trade will fall to the lot of the English and Americans.

—

THIRTEEN years ago a singular case came before my notice. The Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein (since dead) had consulted a certain Dr. Thompson in London for a terrible protrusion of the eyeballs, upon which nothing seemed to take effect. It gave her the appearance of being strangulated, the result of measles in childhood. He magnetized her every day during several weeks but to no purpose. Losing all faith in the efficacy of magnetism in her special case she returned to Paris where I saw her constantly. Sometimes in the midst of conversation utterly foreign to Dr. Thompson or his science she would become suddenly nervous and pale and the muscles of her face strangely contracted, and would say: "Oh! that dreadful Dr. Thompson is thinking of me. How I wish I had never seen the man!" One one occasion she said to me: "Never be mesmerized. The influence under which you will be all your life is something thoroughly disagreeable." One day as we were sitting together conversing on a personally interesting subject she suddenly sprang to her feet and said: "Dr. Thompson is on his way to Paris. He is thinking of me." I tried to laugh her out of the idea but presently she continued: "He has reached the station and I shall see him to-day." The facts were in conformity with her words, and when on meeting Dr. Thompson that afternoon she begged him to remove the magnetic current which so annoyed her, he frankly admitted that he could not. All that lay in his power to do was to think of her as little as possible and never exercise his will. With time the effects would wear off.

—

THE time has passed when woman must be pale and delicate to be interesting—when she must be totally ignorant of all practical knowledge to be called refined and high bred—when she must know nothing of the current political news of the day, or be called masculine or strong-minded. It is not a sign of high birth and refinement to be sickly and ignorant. Those who affect anything of the kind are behind the times, and must shake and air themselves, mentally and physically, or drop under the firm strides of common sense ideas, and be crushed into utter insignificance. In these days an active, rosy faced girl, with brain quick and clear, warm, light heart, a temper quickly heated at intended insult and injury, and just as quick to forgive; whose feet can run as fast as her tongue, and put her out of breath; who is not afraid of freckles, or to breathe the fresh air of heaven, unrestrained by the drawn curtains of a close carriage; and, above all, who can speak her mind and give her opinion on important topics which interest intelligent people—is the true girl who will make a good woman. Even fops and dandies, who strongly oppose woman's rights, like a woman who can talk well, even if she is not handsome.

NO person has ever lived who at all times had everything he desired; but it is generally said that the nearer a person is supplied with all he desires, the happier he is. Perfect happiness, according to this standard, would therefore be when a person has everything his heart desires. And to attain to this perfection it would, of course, be the same whether he should contract his wants within the supply, or expand the supply to cover all the wants. But, unfortunately, the wants of man generally increase with the supply, always keeping far in advance of it. Hence happiness is, like "Will-o'-the-wisp," always ahead of us.

MY FRIEND.

Dear friend, I clasp your hand,
The hand as tender as 'tis ever strong,
And sit you by my fire, while you inspire
My pen to write a cheerful winter song.

I know the earth is white and very chill,
A moment since it seemed to me so drear
That summer birds and flowers came but with hours,
So far away their wings we could not hear.

It seemed I could not wait amid the snows,
And bound with rime inexorable as death,
Within this chilly hush, for spring's first blush,—
But now it seems as nought, the north wind's breath.

Then 'tis not all the seasons that impress,—
Not wintry frosts, nor yet the summer's dew,
Not mountain gales, nor the soft air of vales,
All days are bright, my friend, if spent with you.

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV—[CONTINUED.]

"Look here, Rupert," she interrupted, her voice dropping to a strange seriousness. "Nothing would give more pleasure to myself personally than to invite this young girl. But I do not see my way clear to do so. It would be opposing Mrs. Pomeroy's expressed wishes—that she should not remain at the abbey—in a very marked degree, and I cannot bring myself to venture on it. I have always, as you know, paid especial deference to Mrs. Pomeroy's wishes; I have always treated her with the utmost respect, because I would not have her see, or think, that I blamed her for the past. It has been rather a difficult course to steer, but I have managed it."

"I can understand all that. But—stay, will you first of all read Mr. Hetley's letter?"

Sybilla ran her eyes over it, and laid it down without comment. Rupert resumed.

"You see—it is an obligation laid on us, mother. If Mrs. Pomeroy turns Annaline out, we must take her. It would have to be done were it even the case of a stranger; but the Hetleys are my friends—and you little know what a true friend he once proved himself to me. One may almost call them relatives, through Uncle Leolin's wife."

"If Mrs. Pomeroy should turn her out, we will see what can be done; but she would hardly go so far as that. How could she? She will no doubt yield to circumstances and keep her until an opportunity for her departure presents itself. You saw a great deal of the Hetleys in Florence, Rupert?"

"Oh yes."

"And you like them."

"Very much indeed. So would you, mother."

"And learnt to like this young girl?" she added in a whisper. "Have you any especial liking for her, Rupert?"

A moment's startled pause; a rush of red to his usually pale face; and then came a ring of light laughter.

"Oh, very especial indeed."

"My son, I was not jesting. Will you not give me a serious answer?"

"No, not to-day, mother mine. But—were I to tell you that I had, would you object?"

"No."

A day or two went on. And then it became known that Miss Hetley had applied to the convent to admit her as teacher, that the convent had consented, and that she would quit the abbey on the morrow to enter there on her duties.

CHAPTER XXXV.

RUPERT AND MARY.

"I TELL you, Annaline, the thing cannot be allowed. How could you possibly have entertained so absurd an idea?"

The Lord of Pomeroy spoke with a slightly raised tone and a flash of his deep blue eyes. The news just heard, had aroused him strangely: on the impulse of the moment he walked straight to the north wing to put his veto upon the contemplated step. There he found Annaline alone: Mrs. Pomeroy was at the chapel; Mary seemed to be nowhere.

"What else could he do," pleaded Annaline—who had one of the most tractable of natures, would willingly have pleased everbody in the world.

"You must remain at the abbey."

"No;—I cannot do that," she said, her cheek slightly flushing in perplexity. "Mrs. Pomeroy expects me to leave. It has been very good of her to allow me to stay so long."

"Has it!" retorted Rupert, the slighting accent meant for Mrs. Pomeroy. "Annaline, we are responsible for you, and I tell you that this notion of yours cannot be thought of. You will remain here for the present."

"Indeed I cannot," she urged, almost with tears.

"Why cannot you?"

"I—the abbey does not want me. My staying here would disturb its peace."

"The abbey does want you, and you do not disturb its peace. What has come to you, Annaline?"

"I shall be very happy at the convent. And mamma has no objection to my teaching."

"Once for all, Annaline, it cannot be allowed. In this abbey you shall remain until an escort to Florence can be provided for you."

"But——"

"My dear girl, this contention is child's play. Understand one thing: I am the lord of the abbey, and I will not allow you to go out of it. You have heard of the Pomeroy will," he added, his features relaxing to a smile, "it cannot be opposed with impunity. And," he continued, his voice taking a true tender tone, "if you only knew how welcome you are to stay here, how doubly welcome to me, you would never think of leaving it."

"}——" Annaline was beginning; though what she was about to rejoin, in her deep perplexity, she alone knew—when Mrs. Pomeroy glided into the room, devotion book in hand. This soft, gliding step and noiseless motion she had acquired of late years; it seemed to be born of her intence sadness, her subdued spirit. Annaline escaped.

"Mrs. Pomeroy, I am come round to see you," began Rupert. "I heard, but five minutes ago, that Miss Hetley entertained some extraordinary intention of quitting your roof for the convent—to become a teacher there."

"Yes," quietly replied Mrs. Pomeroy, untying her black silk bonnet strings.

"This cannot be allowed."

"By whom? I think it rather a nice thing for her."

"By me: though I must ask you to pardon me for saying so. Mr. Hetley——"

"What is the dispute?" gaily demanded Mary, interrupting them at this juncture, her white morning dress and its blue ribbons contrasting curiously with her mother's sombre garments. "How stern you look, Rupert!"

"Mr. Hetley has written to me," continued Rupert, ungallantly taking no notice of Mary, beyond a nod; "placing his daughter under my charge and that of my mother. A moment yet, I beg of you, Mrs. Pomeroy, while I disclaim any apparent lack of courtesy to you on his part—he evidently thinks, either that you are the Lady of Pomeroy, or else that it is with my mother Annaline is staying. He has requested that she may continue to remain here until he can make arrangements for her return to Italy. Mr. Hetley is my very good friend, and I must see that this is done."

"In that case her stay might be prolonged to an indefinite period, and that, to me, would not be quite agreeable—I have not been accustomed to visitors of late, you know," objected Mrs. Pomeroy, while Mary stood at a marble side-table, a frown gathering on her fair brow. "The convent is a suitable and perfectly proper place for her, and I am glad the Lady Abbess has been good enough to admit her to it."

"It is not, under the circumstances. And that she should teach is neither proper nor suitable."

"Truly I consider that it is. Here is the young person without means, without a home——"

"Madam, that is scarcely the right term to apply to her," flashed Rupert, the violet of his eyes becoming almost black in their anger. "A young lady of Miss Hetley's degree is not usually styled a 'person.'"

"Of her degree?"

"Her degree. She is of noble lineage. Her father——"

"We need not go into this," interposed Mrs. Pomeroy, whose subdued voice and unmoved exterior presented rather a striking contrast to the feeling displayed by Rupert. "I am sorry you deem it necessary to interfere in this trifling matter, and am certainly at a loss to know what can render the convent unsuitable as a temporary residence: it cannot be for long she will need to trouble it. Unless indeed her people should decide for her to remain there permanently to teach ——"

"Long or short, Francis Hetley's daughter cannot be allowed to enter it," interposed Rupert, "or to quit the abbey. My mother will no doubt receive her."

"Oh—if you make so great a point of it as that," resumed Mrs. Pomeroy, after a momentary pause, given to the revolving of matters as comprised in his concluding sentence: "if you really deem that her father would object, it is my duty to retain the young lady here. I did not suggest the convent; I should not have thought of it; the notion emenated from herself, and I was surprised when she informed me of what she had done. She shall remain with us."

"Thank you," said Rupert shortly. "Then I will now write to Mr. Hetley."

He was passing through the cloisters with a light step, when he heard a lighter step hastening after him: that of Mary Pomeroy. She put her arm within his in the free and careless manner that she used to do when a child, and they turned into the quadrangle. The sun was nearly at its meridian, but Mary, her straw hat on, heeded it not.

"What is the matter with you, Rupert?"

"The matter?" he answered in a pleasant tone. "Nothing."

"But there is. I never saw anyone so much changed."

"If you mean changed from what I was years ago, no doubt I am. It is only natural I should be. One cannot remain always a boy."

"And not changed for the better," freely went on Mary. "Never, when you were a boy, would you have attempted to call in question mamma's private arrangements, as you did this morning."

"I don't know that. If they jarred against the rules of courtesy—of hospitality—I should have rebelled then as I rebel now. Only, as a boy, I might have carried the trouble to my mother, and felt it with her. I feel bound to interfere in this matter, reluctant though I am to do it; and I trust your mamma's good sense will see the thing in the proper light. Is it right, Mary, that Francis Hetley's daughter should be rudely thrust from our walls for a caprice! and when he has especially commended her to our care! You cannot think so."

"A caprice!"

"What else is it? You, as I am given to understand, felt yourself in want of some suitable young lady to reside here as your friend and companion. Aunt Joan sent for Miss Hetley. She came; appeared to be just what pleased you, and was warmly welcomed. But ere she was well installed, a caprice takes you the other way: you don't want her, you are tired of her; and you contrive to let this be so apparent, that in her distress at intruding longer upon you, she absolutely offers herself to the convent as a teacher. I declare, my blood boils when I think of it."

"I don't see what business it is of yours."

"It is pre-eminently mine. I, as head of the abbey, feel responsible for what takes place within it. Most certainly no rude discourtesy shall be allowed within its walls, if I can prevent it."

"Annaline Hetley is nothing to you."

"She is this much to me—that her father is my much esteemed and valued friend. Be very sure that for his sake alone, if for no other, I shall protect his daughter."

Mary had released his arm, and seated herself on one of the iron benches, several of which stood round the quadrangle. Rupert, standing by, took Mr. Hetley's letter from his pocket, and ran his eyes over its contents.

"Would you like to see what he says, Mary?"

"Not at all thank you," making her rejection pointedly saucy. "The Hetleys and their concerns are nothing to me."

Rupert slightly knitted his brow, but smoothed it instantly. A smile lay in the depths of his eyes as he turned them full on his cousin.

"It is a pity you should turn crusty over this matter, Mary. To me it seems the simplest in the world—but yet, one of imperative obligation."

Mary Pomeroy flung back the blue strings of her hat, and then threw up her head. Something very like defiance might be read in her face.

"And so, you intend from henceforth to be absolute lord and master here?"

"I did not say so."

"Superintend all the internal arrangements, and look into the domestic affairs."

"Hardly as far as that," said Rupert, maintaining his gravity. "My wife—when I get one—might think I was trenching on her department."

"Very seemly, would it not be, for the future Lady of Pomeroy to make those things her care?"

"Still less seemly for the lord to make them his."

"Are we going to quarrel, Rupert?"

"I hope not. It certainly will not be my fault if we do."

"Why do you provoke me?"

"Indeed I do not wish to provoke you; I did not know that I did provoke you," he replied with tender earnestness. "I think, Mary—pardon me for saying it—you are this morning provoking yourself."

"We used to be the best of friends."

"And can be so still. Why not?"

"You—knew—what—I—was to be!" she slowly resumed, the color deepening on her cheeks, her large grey eyes strained up to his.

"What were you to be?" returned Rupert, not suspecting her drift.

"The Lady of Pomeroy."

A rush of red dyed Rupert's face. He did not answer.

"You have promised it often enough. Do you remember?"

"I remember we used to say so, Mary," he rejoined with an effort, his tone that of a man ill at ease; "but we were children then. You could only become a lady here by—by——"

"I know," put in Mary, as if to relieve a's hesitation.

There ensued a pause; no doubt one of discomfort to both. Perhaps Mary was expecting him to speak; was waiting for it. If so, she found herself disappointed.

"Don't you care for me, Rupert?" she asked at length.

"Very, very much. I always shall care for you. We have been like brother and sister, you know, Mary. Let us continue to be so: it is my earnest wish."

"As brother and sister," she mechanically answered, displaying no emotion of any kind.

"And I am sure you have ruled here a great deal more than I," added Rupert, laughing.

"Yes; because I ruled you. I should like to rule here still, Rupert," she softly continued—"if it might be. I have been brought up to expect it."

"But don't you see that I am a Pomeroy; and we Pomeroys like to rule on our own score," returned Rupert, laughing still, evidently bent on showing that he wished to treat the conversation as a jest, rather than in earnest.

"I see—yes, I see," emphatically replied Mary, pain in her tone, and in her face. And she rose and disappeared within doors, perhaps not observing that the Lady of Pomeroy had come into the quadrangle and was close upon them.

"What is the matter?" asked Sybilla. "Why does Mary run away?"

All the lightness had gone out of Rupert's face. He had come to a sudden resolve—that of putting a question to his mother; one he had long wished to put. But he scarcely knew how to frame it.

"Mother—I—I somehow picked up an impression when I was a little lad—children invariably hear what is not meant for them, you know—that—that——"

"Yes, Rupert," she said, surprised at his hesitation. "Go on."

"Well, it is better that I should speak," he resumed, as if to himself, "and set the matter at rest one way or the other. I gathered when I was a boy, as I tell you, mother, that when my Uncle Guy lay dying in the keep, the future—my future and Mary's—was alluded to between him and you. Did you make a promise that Mary should be the Lady of Pomeroy, and—of course—my wife?"

"Certainly, not, Rupert," was the prompt answer. "Poor Guy naturally wished his daughter to become Lady of Pomeroy, provided circumstances favored it when she and you came to riper years: meaning if you were in love with each other, and wished it. I promised, should that prove to be the case, that I would not object to your union. That was the only promise, Rupert; and that, you perceive, was a conditional one."

The young Lord of Pomeroy drew a deep breath of relief. "Then I am not bound by anyone's promise to wed Mary? I am not bound in honor to remain single if I do not choose to wed her?"

"Assuredly not. How can you have imagined such a thing? Were you and Mary speaking of this?"

"Slightly—just an allusion. Mary would like to be Lady of Pomeroy."

"And you would not like it. Be at ease, Rupert: not a shade of obligation rests upon you."

"No," he said, in a low tone. "I like Mary as a sister, just as I used to like her; but my love is not hers."

Sybilla smiled. The arch look in her face told Rupert that she knew pretty surely where his love was given: and Rupert flushed to the very roots of his hair.

"She is the sweetest girl in the world, mother: she will be to you a loving and dutiful daughter," he whispered.

"So be it, Rupert. My blessing shall attend you both."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WITH MRS. WYLDE.

IN her spacious and handsome bed-room at the White House, lay Mrs. Wylde, a dying. Not dying to day, or expecting to die to morrow; but slowly dying of an incurable complaint that might be long yet in its tardy progress. She knew her fate; had known it for some time now: knew that the fiat, which would transplant her from this world to a better, had gone forth, and could neither be checked nor resisted.

The once stout woman had become thin nearly as a skeleton: the comely face was pinched. Some days she exchanged her bed for the sofa. Theresa, her former faithful servant, had come back to nurse her. Mrs. Pomeroy, dutiful now, whatever she had been in her thoughtless girlhood, as anxiously affectionate as her cold and subdued nature allowed, would have spared more to her mother than the services of a favorite maid.

When attacked by sickness of this prolonged kind, knowing that death stands looming at the end of it, we have leisure to think of our past life; to perfect our repentance for its many mistakes and sins: Mrs. Wylde seemed to live in fruitless wishes that some of hers could be recalled.

"The one great mistake of my life, Alice, was that of forcing you on Guy Pomeroy," she observed to her daughter, on the afternoon of the day spoken of in the last chapter: for Mrs. Wilde was prone to enlarge on these past delinquencies, particularly after a visit from Father Andrew—and the good priest had just gone out. "It brought nothing but trouble in its train; trouble, and mortification and misery."

"How often have I begged you to remember, mamma, that nothing can be more

useless than to recall what is past and over," remonstrated Mrs. Pomeroy. "It makes me uncomfortable, and it must make you so."

"Child, it does me good to recall it; to express my bitter remorse. Heaven knows how sincere it is; how differently I would act were my time to come over again."

"Mamma, I came here to-day to speak of the present, not of the past," said Mrs. Pomeroy. "I wanted to tell you that I fear Mary's chance of being Lady of Pomeroy is in peril. Rupert is taking the most extraordinary interest in that young person, Annaline Hetley."

"Let him take it," said Mrs. Wylde, "Leave all to God."

Mrs. Pomeroy felt annoyed. "Can you know what you are saying, mamma? It would ill befit the Lord of Pomeroy to wed a penniless girl, reared in obscurity; little less than a sin."

"Ah, my child, time was when I thought as you think—that heaven must look upon our dreams of ambition as we look, and should be expected by us to forward them. But I have lived to see the fallacy of that; to shrink from its great mistake. Leave Rupert Pomeroy and this young girl alone."

Mrs. Pomeroy said no more; she perfectly understood, and drawing on her gloves, she departed.

Shortly after her going Mary entered. She took off her hat and sat down by Mrs. Wylde. "I felt dull at home, so walked up to see you, grandmamma. I did not know mamma had been here."

"She did not stay long, dear. We got talking of a matter on which we do not think quite alike. It was about you."

"About me? About me and Rupert?" continued Mary with subtle instinct. "What about us?"

"Your mother says that the union projected between you and Rupert in your childhood is being imperilled—and it vexes her."

"Mamma says that, does she?" quietly replied Mary. "For all we know, grandmamma, Rupert has never meant to carry it out."

"True. I have always had my doubts."

"Always? Why?"

"Because," said Mrs. Wylde, slowly, as if desirous to weigh her words, "because I thought Rupert might discover reason against it. He has grown up to all the pride that is inherent in the Pomeroys; nothing less could be expected; and he may wish to take a wife who knows no taint."

The girl drew up her head proudly. "What taint do I know grandmamma?"

"In yourself, none. The taint came down to you from your parents."

Mary Pomeroy's hands lay perfectly still on her lap: the color went and came in her fair face. She was of an intensely reflective nature, strong to resolve and to do. That revelation made to her by Naomi Rex in her second childishness, had scarcely left Mary's mind since the hour it was spoken. By dint of questions pressed on old Jeffs, remarks to others, she had arrived at the assurance that an unpleasant secret—a stain on her father, or her mother, or both—did exist. And she resolved now to learn the whole.

"Grandmamma," she said quietly, placing her hand on Mrs. Wylde's arm as it lay outside the grey silk counterpane, "I do not know all the particulars of that trouble. Will you please tell them to me?"

"Do you know of it at all?"

"Yes. It lay between papa, mamma and Uncle Rupert. I know that much. It was a frightful calamity: and it led to papa's death and Uncle Rupert's escape. That is what was thought at the time; but it was Uncle Rupert who died, and papa who escaped. I am a woman now, and I ought to be made acquainted with all. It is not right that what is known to the whole world should be kept from me."

Without another word of dissent, won over completely by the reasoning, Mrs. Wylde entered upon the history of the past: she told it delicately, but without reservation. Mary sat still as a statue, and listened. She heard all.

"Yes, I perceive," murmured Mary, when she had finished. "Papa was treacherous first; he won by treachery; and mamma was treacherous later, out of danger. And it ended in a dreadful tragedy that has entailed a lasting scandal on the Pomeroys, and a stain upon me. Grandmamma, I understand it all now. This is why Rupert does not deem me fit to be his wife!" exclaimed Mary then, starting out of her reverie. "Well, it is sufficient cause: I, a Pomeroy, say it."

"I do not know whether Rupert does or does not; the doubt has often crossed me, that's all. But oh, child, believe me!" added the invalid, earnestly, "I have been taught by experience that those women are the happiest who keep themselves aloof from marriage."

"As the nuns do," dreamily remarked Mary.

"Ay, as the nuns do. But I was not thinking of nuns; rather of women who are in the world, but not of it, who are not ensnared by its deceits. Such a woman, for instance, as your aunt Joan. Joan had her offers, I can tell you that, Mary; but she chose the safer path."

Mary made no comment. Her deep, thoughtful eyes were fixed on the blue sky through the open window, as if she thought to read a solution of some doubt there.

The sun was drawing towards the west when she walked home, deep in thought, and sat down in her chamber. It was not quite time to dress. Her eyes fell upon a group of people in the garden below; her mother, the Lady of Pomeroy, and—yes—Joan. Joan must have returned this afternoon, then. At a little distance stood Annaline and Rupert. Rupert's head was bent as if his tones were whispered ones; Annaline's cheeks mantled with blushes as she listened, her eyes were cast down.

"I see it all," murmured Mary to herself, her heart aching with its pain; "in this one day I have lived years. He will choose her and make her the Lady of Pomeroy; and what is left for me? But oh, he should have chosen better! Putting myself out of the question, he should have chosen better. Who are those Hetleys—her branch of them?—obscure, needy, next door to adventurers."

Never perhaps during her whole life had an expression of pain crossed Mary Pomeroy's face like unto that which sat on it now. Her eyes were closed, her hands pressed her temples. She watched them till they turned towards the house.

"Yes, all is clear to me," she then murmured in the tone of one whose resolution is taken. "It is neither Rupert's fault nor mine. Children must suffer for the sin of their parents: that is one of God's primary laws: I must suffer for that of mine. I will devote myself to God, and strive to follow Him in all ways, to live only for Him—and perhaps that may atone in some measure for them."

Did something tell her that while she sat watching Rupert and Annaline that he had asked her and she had consented to be the Lady of Pomeroy! Yet this had been the fact.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

COMING HOME.

IN the banquet-hall sat a goodly company. Some such a company as you saw in it many years before, reader; only that that was more numerous than this.

There is nothing to tell of the dinner, except that it came in due course to an end. The Lord of Pomeroy bowed the ladies from the door as they swept away. He detained Annaline a moment to speak with her, but while so engaged Mary appeared, and she went away.

Mary, playing with her fan, turned to Rupert.

"Tell me, Rupert. Are you going to make her the Lady of Pomeroy?"

Rupert hesitated. It was an awkward question.

"Do not think I wish to annoy you; to recall what might have been," she hastily resumed, her eyes flashing. "I speak to you only as a friend, a sister—and the open truth is always best."

"Mary, you know how greatly I esteem you," he answered meeting her words frankly. "I love you as tenderly, as truly as ever brother loved sister. But—you must be aware that, even had other circumstances been favorable, we should not suit one another."

"Be honest," flashed Mary. "Tell out the truth. It is not for that you reject me: but for that—that trouble connected with my father and mother: and which has left its stigma upon me."

"No!—my sacred word of honor, no!" he replied, gathering some of her own excitement. "Believe me, that never did, or could or should weigh with me."

The sound of approaching carriages interrupted them; two post carriages, from the Crown Hotel at Owlstone, full of people inside and luggage out, rolled up and stopped. Leolin Pomeroy, Anna, their children, and some attendants stepped out.

Rupert and the others of the household met them.

"Can you take us in, Rupert?" asked Leolin, as he got out.

"I should think so; heartily glad to do it," warmly responded Rupert as he shook his uncle's hand. "But, have you dropped from the moon, yonder?"

Leolin soon explained. Lady Anna having gone to prepare for a hastily arranged meal with Sybilla. Upon arriving that morning in the metropolis, for they had crossed by the night mail from Calais, they drove to Berkeley Square, where they were expected on a visit. There they found ill-tidings, and the house in a sad commotion. Lord Essington had died the previous evening of the epidemic then raging; his mother and sister had flown away from it in distress and alarm.

"Lady Essington was not ill—was she," asked Annaline, whose eyes were wet. She had not liked the earl as a probable husband; but she liked himself fairly well, and his death was in truth a shock.

"No, she was not ill, only frightened; Geraldine terribly so," said Leolin, turning to answer. Then for the first time he recognized Annaline: there had been so much confusion.

"Is it you, child!" he cried, bending to kiss her. "Great scandals we have been hearing of you, little runaway—proposing to convert yourself into a governess. It would have been slightly incongruous, I take it, for Miss Hetley to be teaching; yet be more so for the Lady Annaline"

A pause of suspense. Annaline's lips parted. Joan was the first to recover her memory.

"Why yes, to be sure," she said. "Your father comes in, Annaline, as Lord Essington leaves no son."

"Of course he does," added Leolin. "Frank Hetley is now Earl of Essington. He was telegraphed for at once."

"Shall I murmur at my lot?" asked Mary of herself as she laid her head upon her pillow that night, and thought of the turn affairs had taken. "Surely not. I believe what grandmamma says—that our destinies here are marked out for us. She will make him a better wife than I should have made," went on the soliloquy, after a pause "In as much as that she is meek and yielding, and will not have a wish of her own apart from his. I should have followed my own will and taken my own way, for I am a true Pomeroy, just as Rupert is, and there might have been a continuous struggle for the mastery. Or, if Rupert in his chivalry had yielded to me—and chivalry is inherent in his nature—he would not have been happy. No, it would never have done for two Pomeroys to come together, and Heaven has been wiser than we were—that Heaven which I shall hereafter alone serve, and which will most assuredly return to me the blessing of peace."

* * * * * *

Had Abbeyland ever been so gay? Had so many flowers ever been there displayed? Had the grand old abbey ever put on signs of life and gladness like unto these? Not in our recollection. The once gloomy windows were thrown open to the sunshine; troops of servitors waited in the gateway; the men in their gorgeous state liveries of purple and silver, the women with new gowns, white bows in their caps, and flowers in their hands. Old Jerome, his white locks scanty with age, had hobbled round from the keep to head them: Bridget, chattering to him as usual, had put off her black, which she was wearing for old Naomi Rex, who had died a month before, and looked resplendent in a charming suit of green and violet. All Abbeyland was astir in its best. For Rupert, Lord of Pomeroy, was bringing home his bride.

But this was not the day of the marriage. The ceremony had taken place in London some ten days ago. The world was growing older, if not wiser, and Rupert did not deem it absolutely necessary to keep up all the Pomeroy customs to the letter, or to make an inconvenient rush to the abbey the moment the nuptial knot was tied.

Annaline was married from the old house in Berkeley Square—her father's now. It was a quiet wedding; made chiefly so on account of the recent death of Lord Essington. The present earl, modest, kind-hearted and as little self-asserting as he had ever been when Frank Hetley, had absolutely offered to give up the use of the house to the late earl's mother; neither he nor his equally unselfish wife liking to take it from her. But old Lady Essington returned for answer a haughty refusal, very bare of thanks. She and Geraldine were amazed, mortified, resentful at the unexpected turn affairs had taken, and despised Frank Hetley as they had never despised him yet.

Guests had gone up with Rupert to be present at the marriage ceremony: the Lady of Pomeroy—lady for the last day in her life; Joan, Leolin, and Father Andrew. Major Barkley had come many miles to be present.

Rupert carried away his bride, and the others returned to Pomeroy. Ten days had gone by, and now the bride and bridegroom were expected home.

And, during this slight interval, certain changes had taken place in the interior economy of the abbey. Mrs. Pomeroy had left it for ever; and Sybilla had returned to her former abode in the south wing. Poor Mrs. Wylde, drawing very near her end now, had made one final appeal to her daughter to go home to her that she might be with her at the last. Rather, perhaps, to her surprise, all former appeals having been so peremptorily rejected, Mrs. Pomeroy acquiesced without a dissenting word.

But, yonder come the bride and bridegroom.

"Do you see them, my darling?" asks Rupert, bending his head to the blushing face beside him, as he directs attention to the villagers on either side the road, eagerly saluting the carriage. "See how glad they are; how true their welcome! It is an earnest of what our future relations shall be—theirs and ours. We must never cease to promote the welfare of these poor people."

"Never, Rupert; never."

But Jeffs is taking the carriage swiftly up the approach; and, here they are at the great gateway, lined with expectant servitors. Rupert alights and hands out his wife; she wears blue silk and the prettiest white bonnet ever seen. The maids throw down their flowers for her to walk upon. Old Jerome advances a step; his white locks flowing, his hands raised as if in benediction; tears of joy running down his furrowed cheeks, his voice tremulous.

"Welcome home to the Lord and Lady of Pomeroy! May every blessing rest upon them!" he adds on his own account.

Rupert thanks him and shakes his hand. He shakes other hands that are held out?

Annaline, shyly blushing, follows her husband's example, and timidly puts out her hand.

Then Rupert leads her upstairs into the midst of the family gathered there in greeting: Sybilla, Joan, Mary; and Leolin and his wife whose stay was drawing to a close.

"Mother, why did you do this?" says Rupert in a pained tone, when he finds out the change she has made. "Why did you go back to the south wing?"

"Because I like it, and feel most at home in it, Rupert; and because it was my proper abode."

"Annaline and I have been hoping to keep you with us always."

"And so you will keep me: shall I not be under the same roof?

"And how is it, Mary, that you have left the abbey—you and your mother!" questioned Rupert: as he turned to stand with Mary Pomeroy later at the open window.

"Mamma wished it. Grandmamma wants her."

"And what is this rumor that I hear about you?" he resumed, dropping his voice to a whisper and bending his concerned eyes upon her. "Surely you are not thinking of giving up the world?"

"How did you hear it?" returned Mary.

"Lady Anna spoke of it in a letter to Annaline. It cannot be true."

"It is true, Rupert. I must be in the world and of the world; or else I must be out of it: and I have chosen the latter. I am beginning to think it is my true vocation."

"But why are you choosing it? What is the reason?"

"Because I believe that I shall find my best happiness in it. I never was so happy in my life as when I was in the convent; no, not even when I was a wilful girl, ruling you and the abbey," she added laughingly; "I never quitted any place with so much regret. I am going to it to-morrow. I only waited to see you and Annaline."

Turning, she held out her hand. Lady Annaline came to her at once in answer, a loving, grateful look upon her face.

"I have been telling your husband that I am going into the convent, he wanted to know if the rumor could be true," said Mary, passing her arm round Annaline's waist. "But I am not in yet; I waited to say a word of welcome to you and to him. Rupert—Annaline—I wish you both all the joy and happiness the world can give. I pray daily that Heaven's blessings may rest upon you."

There ensued a pause of emotion. Rupert parted them, putting his own arm round each.

"I never thought to hear this news, Mary. Though I have gained a wife, it seems I am to lose a sister."

"Don't make too sure of losing me," returned Mary, with a touch of her old sauciness. "It is not to be yet. Mamma was so angry at, what she calls, my ingratitude, and grandmamma read me so severe a lecture about the duty children owe their parents, that I came to a compromise. The convent will be my home; but at present I shall not take any vows, and can come abroad when I choose. The White House will see me every day: and you now and then here at the abbey."

Annaline clasped her hands.

"I was afraid———"

"You were afraid of all kinds of silly things," said Mary, smiling at her, "and especially afraid of me. There is no need to be, Annaline."

Leaning across Rupert, Mary kissed her.

"It is just as I hoped," Rupert whispered.

"For a little time," answered Mary; "how long or how short, I know not. And then I shall bid good bye to you and the world forever."

"Do not anticipate it. It may never come."

"Do not seek to dissuade me, Rupert: it would be nothing less than a sin," said she, correcting him. "You and your wife will find your duty and happiness in the world, and it is quite right that you should; I in serving Heaven. Whatever may be our particular vocation here, may we all prove ourselves so faithful in it as to meet there hereafter."

"Amen," breathed the Lord of Pomeroy.

[THE END]

FOAMING HORSES.—In England it is fashionable for "My Lord" or "My Lady's" horse to foam at the mouth after being driven awhile, and the more froth and foam, the more consequence is attached to those in the vehicle. The poor man's knows but little of this mouth foaming, no matter how hardly driven. Various poisons are used to effect this foaming appearance. An overdose was given in a recent English case, killing the animals. The cruelty society took the case in hand and sentenced the groom.

President McMahon pardoned 1,800 Communists.

SILENT SONGS.

When the song's gone out of your life,
[illegible] thought would last to the end;
[illegible] first sweet song of the heart,
That no after days can lend—
The song of the [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
When it waked in life's morning hours

You can start no other song,
Not even a tremulous note
Will falter forth on the empty air,
It dies in your aching throat.
It is all in vain that you [illegible],
For the spirit of song has fled,
The nightingale sings no more to the rose,
When the beautiful flower is dead.

So let silence softly fall
On the bruised heart's quivering strings;
Perhaps, from the loss of all, you may learn
The song that the seraph sings:
A grand and glorious psalm
That will tremble and rise and thrill,
And fill your breast with its grateful rest
And its lonely yearnings still.

For Her Sake.

BY P. H. H

"I HAVE good news for you, my darling," said John Bunn to Mary Hatherly, as they were walking arm in arm one evening by the side of the river Thames. "My employers have raised my salary another twenty pounds a year."

"Oh, I'm so pleased, Jack," replied Mary. "You must come in and tell mamma when we get back."

"That I will; for do you know, darling, I have been thinking that with this increase we might almost manage—that is to say, that—we might get married."

"Oh, Jack!"

Very simple words, but with such a world of meaning in them.

Mary Hatherly was the eldest daughter of that most unhappy class of genus man—a poor gentleman.

John Bunn was the son of a small tradesman who had worked hard behind the counter, made a little money and retired, and at the present time lived in his own house, which happened to be the next one to the Hatherlys.

John was a banker's clerk, very much in love with Mary, and tacitly engaged to that young lady; for, though there was a thorough understanding between the young people, yet Mr. Hatherly could not bear to think of his daughter marrying a "mere tradesman."

Upon their return from the moonlight walk they had been enjoying, Bunn accompanied Mary into her father's house.

"Good evening, Mr. Hatherly," said Jack.

"Good evening, Bunn," responded Hatherly.

"I just looked in to say that as Messrs. Notes & Bullion, my employers, have increased my salary, I should like to know whether you have any objection to the day being fixed for the marriage between Mary and myself."

"Humph!" ejaculated Hatherly, in a surly tone; "do you hear that, Ellen?"

"Yes, dear," answered his wife, "and I see no objection."

"No objection? I see plenty; but they're of no use, so I suppose it must be so; though I did expect, and had a right to expect, something better for Mary than a—but there, I suppose it's of no use grumbling." Then, getting up and walking out of the room, he continued ungraciously, "There, Mrs. Hatherly will settle all that rubbish with you. Needs must when somebody drives."

Mary's pretty eyes were full of tears, and Jack's honest countenance looked as indignant as it was possible for the face of such a good-tempered man to appear.

"Never mind, my dear," said Mrs. Hatherly, addressing Mary; "pay no attention to what your father says. You know he does not mean it; and, Mr. Bunn, you must make allowances for my husband. You know he is a disappointed man and has been terribly worried to day, besides."

"Oh, certainly, Mrs. Hatherly, don't mention it," answered Jack.

And his face cleared off like sunshine after an April shower; and then they all set to work to talk over the business in hand, finally agreeing that "it" should come off in two months.

The next morning at breakfast everything seemed to have conspired to be disagreeable.

The fire wouldn't burn through; the chimney smoked; Mr. Hatherly's toast was burned; and the little piece of bacon cooked for him and him only, was raw.

A broken chair had been placed for him by accident, and he nearly fell in consequence; so that altogether, when in reply to the postman's knock, Mary brought in a half a dozen letters, her father's temper was not quite as equable as it might have been.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear; some more of these infernal bills coming in!" exclaimed he, as he caught sight of the blue envelopes. "What is the use of worrying me in this manner? The fools, they cannot get blood from a stone!"

However, taking up one carelessly, he commenced perusing it, but all of a sudden he cried, "Ha! what is this?" And then, all excitement, recommenced the letter.

At last it had come, then.

So long wished for, and looked forward to, the event had now occurred.

His uncle, James Graham, had died, and his son and heir had, by an accident, quickly followed, thus leaving Hatherly, under his uncle's will, heir to all his money—over one hundred thousand pounds.

For a few minutes Hatherly covered his eyes with his hands. Was he returning thanks, or was he fearful of allowing even his own family to perceive the exultant gleams that shot into his eyes as he realized his good fortune?

Presently he exclaimed, "At last, Ellen! We have waited a long time for something to turn up, but at length it has arrived, and now we shall be able to move in our proper sphere. I shall go up to town and see the lawyer who has charge of this business, and while I am away you had better get everything ready for moving, for I will not stay a day longer in this dog-kennel than I am obliged to."

Mr. Hatherly accordingly dressed himself with care, brushed up his old hat, and betook himself to the solicitor's chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Vulcher & Co. were his lawyers, a firm that by no means had a savory reputation.

There was a sorrowful scene that evening as Jack and Mary took their usual walk across Richmond Green, and along the river side path.

Mary had of course told her lover of the good news, expecting that he would join in her anticipations of happiness.

But Bunn saw further that the unsophisticated young lady, and with difficulty restraining a heavy sigh, he said, "Of course, Mary, for your sake I cannot but be pleased to hear the good news you have just told me, but I fear that it foreboles the end of my dream of happiness."

"What do you mean, Jack?" anxiously inquired Mary. "I don't understand you, my dear."

"Simply this, Mary—that now your father is replaced in his old position, and so far above me, he will be looking out for a better match for his daughter than a poor banker's clerk, and the son of a tradesman."

"For shame, Jack. How can you think so badly of papa? He has his faults, I know, but I'm sure he would never think of that. Besides, he gave his consent last evening, you know."

"That could easily be recalled, Mary," answered Bunn, sadly.

"Nonsense, you dear old goose. Don't think of such things. Besides, remember that I have promised to be yours, and under any circumstances I will never marry anybody else, I don't care who he is, or how rich he may be, and that I swear."

From the slight struggle that followed, we believe that Jack rewarded the true hearted little woman in the manner that lovers have of recompensing one another, after which the conversation took a lighter and more hopeful tone.

In less than a week Mr. Hatherly and family removed from Richmond, and occupied a large, newly-finished mansion between Belgravia and Pimlico.

A phaeton, carriage, and pair, and several riding horses had also been started, and Hatherly began looking up his old friends. Among those was Captain Fitzboodle.

Jack called at the big house once when this gentleman was there, but was ordered out of the place by Mary's father. The brave girl sought to prevent it, but in vain.

Weeks pass on, as they generally do if you leave them alone—dark, miserable weeks for Jack, only illumined by an occasional letter from Mary, assuring him of her continued affection.

One morning he was sitting at his desk, immersed in an enormous ledger, when two business men, who were waiting their turn with the cashier, began speaking just in front of him.

"By the bye, Jones, have you any dealings with that bill discounting fellow, Vulcher?"

"No, I thank you, nothing lately. I found him out. He's not the man for my money."

"Oh, that's all right then. Only I heard he was going to file his petition in bankruptcy to morrow, that's all."

And they moved on.

For a moment Jack seemed to have a buzzing in his ears, and an utter sense of helplessness all over. Then the meaning of what he had heard slowly returned to him.

Vulcher had the whole of Hatherly's property in his hands.

Vulcher was going to take advantage of the Bankruptcy Act, having no doubt feathered his nest, and sent his money away out of England.

Consequently Mr. Hatherly would be ruined, receiving only a dividend of one or two shillings to the pound.

Now was the time for action, and in five minutes, having obtained permission from his manager, Jack was speeding away west as fast as a cab could carry him.

Fortunately the door was opened by the butler, or probably Jack might have been refused admittance.

As it was, he stated that he had important business with Mr. Hatherly, and gave the name of Vulcher.

In two minutes he was shown into the library, where Hatherly was seated.

"Why, you infernal"—commenced that gentleman.

"Hear me, one moment. I have important news for you respecting Vulcher——"

Jack then repeated the conversation he had heard, word for word.

"Oh, Heaven! what am I to do? The villain has the whole of my property in his charge."

"The only thing to do, Mr. Hatherly, is to jump into my cab, and drive to some respectable solicitor, and, with his assistance, you may be able to save a portion of your property."

No sooner said than done; and in a couple of minutes the two men were driving to Lincoln's Inn Fields.

An old friend of Hatherly's was, fortunately, in, and he gave his attention to the matter.

"You must give me full powers," Mr. Hatherly," said he, when he had heard all, "and I may be able to save something. You had better return, and this young gentleman and myself will drive to Screw Lane at once."

They did so, saw Vulcher, and, with the aid of threats of a criminal prosecution, succeeded in rescuing a portion of the money.

Satisfied with this, they took their way to Hatherly's mansion.

They found him at home in the midst of his family, and the solicitor informed him of what he had done.

"My dear friend," said Mr. Hatherly, "I thank you most heartily, more especially—"

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Mr. Hatherly," said the lawyer; but your principal thanks are due to this gentleman," —pointing to Jack—"for without him you would undoubtedly have lost every farthing."

"Then I think I know a way in which I can partially reward him," answered Mr. Hatherly, smiling. Then, leading Mary up to Jack, he placed her hand in her lover's, adding, "You deserve her, Bunn; and I am sure that, in consenting to your marriage as soon as you like, I am not only doing justice to you, but consulting my daughter's true happiness."

The Hatherlys had to put down their carriages and horses and remove to a smaller house, a week after which Mary and Jack were united.

Mary has made him an excellent wife, and Jack has never had occasion to regret the humiliations he underwent for her sake.

The Food of the Ancients.

The diversity of substances we find in the catalogue of articles of food is as great as the variety with which the art or the science of cookery prepares them; the notions of the ancients on this most important subject are worthy of remark. Their taste regarding meat was various. Beef they considered the most substantial food, hence it constituted the chief nourishment of their athletes. Camels' and dromedaries' flesh was much esteemed, their heels especially. Donkey flesh was in high repute, and the wild ass brought from Africa was compared to venison.

In more modern times we find asses fatted for the table. The hog and the wild boar appear to have been held in great estimation. Their mode of killing swine was refined in barbarity as in epicurism. Pigs were slaughtered with red hot spits, that the blood might not be lost; a suffling a pig with assafoetida was a luxury. Young bears, dogs, and foxes (the latter more esteemed when fed upon grapes) were [illegible] by the Romans, who were likewise so fond of various birds that some consular families assumed the names of those they most admired. Cælius tells us how to drown fowls in Falernian wine to render them more luscious and tender. Pheasants were brought over from Colchis, and esteemed at one time such a rarity that one of the Ptolemies lamented his having never tasted any. Peacocks were carefully reared in the island of Samos, and sold at such a high price that Varro informs us they fetched yearly upwards of $20000 of our money. The guinea fowl was considered delicious, but the Romans knew not the turkey. The ostrich was much relished; Heliogabulus delighted in their brains, and Apicius especially commends them. The modern gastronomist is perhaps not aware that it is to the ancients he owes his favorite goose and duck pate—the most admirable [illegible] French. The sow was also esteemed by the Romans, who first deprived it of sight; and cranes were by no means despised as [illegible] of taste.

Whole feathered creation was deemed to form part of ancient delicacies, the waters yielded their share of enjoyments, and several fishes were immortalized. The carp was educated in their ponds, and rendered so tame that he came to be killed at the tinkling of his master's bell or the sound of his voice. The tame of the lamprey is generally known, and the sturgeon was brought to table with triumphant pomp; but the turbot, one of which was brought to Domitian from Ancona, was considered such a splendid present that he assembled the Senate to admire it. The red mullet was held in such a distinguished category among genteel fishes that three of them, although of small size, were known to have fetched upwards of $1,000. They were more appreciated when brought alive, and gradually allowed to die, when the Romans feasted their eyes in the anticipated delight of eating them, by gazing on the dying creature as he changed color like an expiring dolphin. Snails were also a great dainty. Fluvius Herpinus was immortalized for discovering the art of fattening them on meal and other articles; and Horace informs us they were served up broiled upon silver gridirons, to give a relish to wine. Oysters were sent from England to Rome, and frozen oysters were much extolled.

Grasshoppers, locusts and various insects, were equally acceptable to our first gastronomic legislators. Acorns, similar to those now eaten in Spain, formed a part of a Roman feast; the best were brough from Naples and Tarentum. It does not appear that the ancients had a great variety in their vegetable diet; condiments to stimulate the sluggish appetite seemed to be their principal research.

THE WORK OF CHANCE.

CHANCES, plenty of them, fall under our eyes, if we have only eyes to see them and hands to pick them up. The falling of an apple was the opportunity for Newton to solve the secret of the skies.

A floating sea-weed drifting by the vessel when the crew were uttering mutinous threats, was the chance seized by Columbus to pacify an incipient rebellion, and to inspire his men with the promise of a new continent and a new world of enterprise. The picking up of a pin in a street of Paris by a poor boy, as he was going from a great bank, saddened at the denial of his application for a place, was the founding of the success and prosperity of one of the greatest bankers of the queen city of the world. That simple act, illustrative of the economical spirit asserting itself over present grief, was observed from the window; the lad was recalled, and the refusal recalled at the same moment. Industry, patience, and honesty did the rest. A chance remark from a peasant girl, in an obscure country district, falling upon the ear of the young observing thinker Dr. Jenner, gave vaccination to the world, and saves hundreds of thousands of lives annually.

A pewter plate founded the Peel family. Robert, in the poor country about Blackburn, seeing a large family growing up about him, felt that some source of income must be added to the meagre products of his little farm. He quietly commenced experiments in calico printing in his own home. One day, [illegible] handling a pewter plate, from which one of the company had just dined, he sketched upon its smooth surface the outline of a parsley leaf, and filling this with color, he was delighted to see that the impression could be easily conveyed to the surface of cotton cloth. Here was the first suggestion towards calico printing from metal rollers. The "parsley leaf" on the pewter plate opened a world of industry to Lancashire, and Sir Robert Peel to-day, is called, in the neighborhood of Blackburn, "Parsley Peel." Richard Arkwright, the thirteenth child, in a hovel, with no knowledge of letters—an underground barber, with a vixen for a wife who washed up his moneys and threw them out—gave the successful spinning model to the world, and put a sceptre in England's right hand such as the Queen never wielded. A [illegible] kettle dreamed to have put the idea of steam into the head that gave us the great giant of modern industry. A kite and a key, in Franklin's hands, were the grandparents of our telegraphs, and all the blessings of modern inventions applying electricity. A swinging greasy lamp, just filled with oil by a server on the Church of Pisa, caught the eye of Galileo at eighteen years of age, taught him the secret of the pendulum, made many a discovery in astronomy and navigation possible, and gave us the whole modern system of the accurate measurement of time.

BIDDING AT SALES.—A person in selling goods at auction can not bid himself or have another to bid for him, without first announcing that he reserves the right to one bid. Should he not make such announcement and the article be knocked down to him, or to some person for him, then the next highest bidder may claim the property as his. And if a person making a public sale shall have persons bidding for him, or shall bid himself, in order to run up prices, and the article is knocked down to another person, such person cannot be held, but may refuse to receive or pay for the article purchased. These facts may as well be remembered, for they may be of use at this season of public sales.

EARLY TEA.—The first brewers of tea were often sorely perplexed with the preparation of the new mystery. A writer speaking of the first ever drank in Wales says the lady was one of a party who sat down to the first pound of tea that ever came into Penarth. It was sent as a present and without directions how to use it. They boiled the whole at once in a bottle, and sat down to eat the leaves with butter and salt, and wondered how any persons could like such a diet.

Our Young Folks.

JACK.

A Fairy Tale.

IN a village, that stood relieved against the giant trees of an old forest, there lived a wood cutter named Tony, and though he worked all the long winter, hewing and chopping, he scarcely earned enough to supply the wants of his family, which was not a very large one either.

His wife whose name was Gerty, was never idle, and his children Carl and Daisy, made the cottage ring with song and laughter, so that the neighbors called it "Happy Corner."

One evening as Tony was coming home from his work, his feet became entangled in a bed of ground pine, and looking down, he saw tucked up in the thick matting a tiny waif, white as the snow drifts in the little hollows. Taking it up carefully he hastened home to his cottage and tossing the foundling in Gerty's lap he said: "Here wife is one more mouth to fill: but whether human or spirit that is for you to find out."

The child was not much larger than a robin, and its shoulders scarcely covered with a veil of texture as fine as if woven of gossamer thread. The children ran to it, but started back amazed at its bloodless lips, which were as cold as ice, and the more the good mother nursed and fed, the more uneasy it seemed. It shrank from the heat of the fire, and refused the warm food which to other children is so wonderfully soothing, and when Gerty laid it in the cot by the side of the sleeping children it jerked and kicked in the very spirit of obstinacy, so she laid it away in the far corner all by itself, on a bed of leaves, and when all was quiet, Tony and his wife had a little talk together.

"There is one thing certain," said Gerty, this little snowbird is no common child, and by keeping it, evil may come to us and our children—how we are to manage it is a mystery."

"Well," said Tony—"I really believe all the cuddling you can give it will never keep it alive, so don't worry, we can never toss it in the snow again."

So it was agreed they would attempt to raise it.

As the days went on, the strange body grew rapidly, but he was so pale, it made one unhappy to look at him his eyes were sorrowfully fierce and glowing, and his little wizened face was as motionless as marble. He seemed ever in deep thought and as restless as a wandering spirit.

The love for little Jack, as the children called him, had no abatement, in the Happy Corner, but they were becoming shy of him his breath chilled them and the grasp of his little thin fingers was like frosted steel.

The bewildered foster—mother regarded him with a puzzled expression and a miserable sullenness pressed her.

There seemed to be no warmth in the cottage since Jacky came, the milk froze to the pans, all the winter vessels burst with ominous sounds; their little store of fruit and vegetables, were ruined, and the meat lay like a rock in the larder, Jack's touch spoiled the plants that Gerty had housed with so much care and when she would seize his little thin fingers to turn them away, her own became almost paralyzed for whole days she never cared to leave the house, for if she so much as set her foot out of doors, the neighbors peered her for keeping a strange foundling that came from nobody knew where, and belonged to nobody knew whom, and after a while instead of Happy Corner, they called it "Horrid Corner."

Tony observed with much pain the change in his wife, and the sly looks of his children, and wondered why his fireside which was always so bright and warm, should be less cheerful than the cold forest.

One day it was in the wildest of the wild winter time the lead colored clouds swept along before the keen icy wind, hail and snow crowded together and beaten upon the trees of the cottage, as if threatening to break them in. The children huddled close to the fire, all but Jack he seemed unusually happy and full of glee, he clapped his hands and shouted for joy, skipping and kicking up his heels, as the storm rattled the windows of the cottage, the roofs and trees and fields became one map of dazzling gossamer folds on Jacky's shoulders expanded into wide wing, and he flew against the window panes with all the eagerness of a frightened bird.

The children held their breath in astonishment, and Gerty regarded him with increased wonder. It was easy to be seen that he was trying to escape, still it would not do to open the window and let him out in the storm. He would be beaten to death by the hail.

Tony sped through the forest, the wind shook him the hail pelted him, and he was nearly blind with the driving snow, but the light from the window beckoned him on, and when he saw Jack beating against the panes, he said to himself. "It must be a witch or a fairy, and the sooner he takes flight, the better." So when Tony opened the door, Jack flew out, and was soon lost to sight amid the whirling elements.

By degrees warmth and comfort was restored to the cottage comfort but not gladness, for Gerty's sad face told how much she pondered over the loss of little Jack. She believed it would be struck down by the hail stones, and wounded and sore had frozen to death in the black forest. Tony grew impatient at the sad looks of his wife. "Why should we trouble ourselves," he said, "It seems to me that the welfare of our own little ones, is of more consequence than a little urchin, born of some strange witchcraft no doubt."

Gerty said, "Do you know, dear Tony, I had a dream last night?—The mother of little Jack came to my bedside. She was robed in white; her face was like the lily for fairness, and like crystal for brightness. She said; "Do not fret for little Jack, he is not lost, only roving. You took a great interest in the poor child, and it seems to you ungrateful that he should go away, but, madam you will not regret his going. Gratitude will grow up in his little heart, and he will return some day when you most need his presence. He will never lose sight of the children, and will make himself known to them, when to all others he remains invisible; and though he may hover about you trembling, he will never enter to annoy, only to give you pleasure."

Tony was not superstitious naturally, but the experience he had with the foundling made him more thoughtful over Gerty's dream than he would otherwise have been.

So Gerty gave her time to the care of her children—she wrapped them well in warm clothing, and sent them out. "Fresh air sharpens the appetite, and exercise in the keen air will make them healthy," she said to herself. The snow sparkled in the sun, and the children played until the roses in their cheeks fairly glowed.

Daisy all at once paused in the midst of her glee, and running up to Carl, she whispered that she had seen Jacky and was going in the house to tell her mother.

"When did you see him, my child?" she said softly, hardly crediting the tale.

"O mother," said she, "he stretched out his little hands to me, and they were webbed in gossamer; little flakes, like frosted silver, covered his body, and he danced in the air as light as a feather."

"Why didn't you speak to him, Daisy?" and the child promised that when she saw him again she would make him talk.

The opportunity was not long in coming, the very next morning Jack had been sleeping all the night long on a bed of moss, and when he saw the children he jumped to his feet, clapped his hands, danced, and threw himself into a dozen harlequin-like attitudes.

"So your name's Jacky," said Daisy, when she could speak.

"Yes Daisy, and who gave me my name if you and Carl did not?"

"Jacky," said she, "what are those bright points hanging from your wings that gleam and tremble like crystal needles?"

"Those are icicles" said Jack, "if you will look over your cottage door, you will find them hanging in rows just like these only larger and finer."

"Jacky what are those spangles that look like frosted silver lying so thickly over your little shoulders?"

"That is Hoar Frost and you have seen it often, as it lay sparkling in the garden walks, and along the fences in the early morning."

Carl, eager to speak came close, and pointing to Jacky's head, said "Jacky, what are those little white things shaped like a star that lie amongst the locks of your hair?"

"Those are snow flakes Carl, you have seen them in immense quantities floating in the air, and if you will look sharp, you will find them pressed together in abundant clusters on every flower bed."

"And what is this Jacky, that shines on your breast like burnished steel, and is as clear as glass?"

"Why that is a film of ice, my boy, the same as that which covers all your ponds, and little streams, and wherever water is found, only in heavier plates that I could never carry."

"And how can you live," said Daisy enveloped in such cold garments as these?"

"By the Power that makes everything beautiful, and self I am not more wonderful in my existence and occupation, than yourselves. Where do you get the roses in your cheeks, the sparkle in your eye, and the ring in your merry voices? Jack does think of it—there are greater mysteries in the world than you will find in me. Frost There is no greater piece of mechanism though and I must be off at my tricks." So saying, he tossed himself in the air and after a good shake, that enveloped his form in a cloudy mist he disappeared.

But almost every day when the village children went out to play, Jacky frisked and frolicked among them like a little dog, bounding here and there, slyly pinching an ear, or stooping to squeeze a toe or two—only Carl and Daisy saw him, and their shouts of laughter often puzzled their playmates, who could not guess the cause of such sudden bursts of merriment.

Summer came at last, and Jack was seen no more in the familiar surroundings of the Happy Corner. Then one day Gerty became faint and sick, fever pinched her lips. Her breath was dry and hot, she lay panting every hour, and her great want was water—cool water.

Tony went far to the city for ice, where he knew it was stored in great abundance, and when he brought the broken pieces to her bedside, she saw in the midst of its crystal coolness the face of her little Jack, clear, white and sparkling, and then changing again and again in every hue as the light changes in a diamond, but more sweet and clear than them all, was the look of deep gratitude that gleamed from his expressive eye. And so Jacky stayed with her, revealing himself in many interesting phases until her recovery was sure.

Then Gerty remembered her dream and knew that it had been fulfilled.

M. VESTRIE.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

COLORS OF CORN.—In New Mexico the colors of the grains of corn are numerous—blue, yellow, white, and even jet black. Blue seems to be the predominant color, and it is esteemed by the natives as the richest of all, being almost universally used by them in making the tortilla or corn cake. This is the only shape in which they prepare Indian corn for the table.

THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES.—Versailles owes its existence to the horror of death entertained by Louis XIV. Like his predecessors, he resided at St. Denis when not in Paris, but from the terrace of his palace he was continually distressed by the sight of the towers of St. Denis, in whose vaults it was his doom to lie among other French sovereigns. He accordingly built by Versailles and moved there.

RUNS ON BANKS.—A recent run on a couple of London banks had a queer origin. A dispute about a cab fare in front of the London bank attracted a crowd of idlers. By and by a rumor was spread that the bank was in trouble. Soon the crowd grew larger and a genuine run began, the streets being blocked with people, and policeman being necessary to keep order. It is such an easy matter to create a popular panic. A man seems most easily touched in his pocket and when his purse is in danger he loses all common sense and discretion.

DOGS IN WAR.—Not only dogs formerly used to procure food by hunting other animals, but they were used by the Romans and Greeks in war; so that the phrase, "dogs of war," is literal as well as figurative. Cæsar employed them in his army, and so did some of the wild tribes which the Romans fought. When Marius, the Roman general, defeated the Cimbri, the dogs and the women defended their baggage so savagely that he was forced to fight another battle in order to get possession of it. The dogs thus employed were very savage and not only pursued the fugitives of defeated armies but were sent after deserters.

BLOOD LETTING.—Blood letting, considered during the last century to be necessary for every one in health or not, at spring and fall, was an operation performed by the country surgeons on the laborers on a Sunday morning at a charge of 1d. each. Bleeding in becoming a barber was, in the reign of Charles II., sometimes charged, for a lady as high as 10s., and for a gentleman 1s. and 2s. 6d. The operator perhaps bartered the patient at an additional charge. Barbering by the year was charged 10s. Superstition had marked certain days in each month as dangerous for blood letting, which were called *perilous* days. In July, the 1st, 7th, 13th, 12th, 25th and 20th were of the above kind.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY

"TIM LINKINWATER" AND "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to L. & M., 701 N. Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Original contributions solicited.

ANSWERS.

No. 17. MISSIONARY.

No. 18.
Y U C A
O I M P
T I E D
B A I P

No. 19. MULE AND TAWNY.

No. 20.
C A A B A
B L A N T
B I S O N
T E M E N
R E B E C

No. 21. GLOW-WORM.

No. 22.
B A G D A D
A T R I A
M A D R A S
B E N N E T
B E N N E R S
L A A R A T

No. 23. 1. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
2. T. S. ARTHUR.
3. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.
4. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.
5. EDWARD EVERETT.

No. 24. MALABAR
TANAGER
PALAVER
NERITES
DIVINES
CERTAIN
DESTROY

No. 25. NIMROD.
The 1, 2, 3, 4 is ex—
The — 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 is a plant.
The 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 is an emblem.
Baltimore, Md. ARIAN.

No. 26. HOURGLASS.
ACROSS. 1. An incantation. 2. To tolerate. 3. A—. 4. A letter. 5. A card. 6. A town in Belgium. 7. Love poems.
CENTRALS—A triplet. DIAGONALS—1. Cicesta. 2. A body of noblemen.
N. Y. City. STUD.

No. 27. CHARADE.
1. 'Tis used to bind,
2. Bad you will find,
3. An age now mind.
WHOLE—A range of mountains here assigned.
Washington, D. C. GIL BLAS.

No. 28. SQUARE.
1. A fur-goer.
2. A freebooter.
3. Cause.
4. A—ment of a certain acid.
5. Bright shoes.
6. A channel.
Baltimore, Md. HAL HAZARD.

No. 29. DOUBLE CROSS WORDS.
In dearborn, not in shay,
In tarantbe not in sleigh,
In dog cart not in wheel,
In shaky not in reel,
In cabin not in house,
In wart-hog not in mouse,
In bekah not in pound,
In monkey not in hound:
If you arrange these letters right
Two vehicles will come in sight.
Philadelphia, Pa. MRS. NICKLEBY.

No. 30. RHOMBOID.
ACROSS.
The witness, summoned by the law,
First to the jury what he saw.

And when he wandered from the truth
The counsel SECOND him forsooth.

The judge dismissed the court at last
Then THIRD himself to break his fast.

And as he FOURTH from out the room
The prisoner dreads his coming doom.

Hope never FIFTH within his breast
"A guilty conscience knows no rest;"

And each SIXTH act of that dread scene
Still haunts his memory like a dream.

* * * *

The SEVENTH stood upon the floor
Between the window and the door.

DOWN—1. A letter. 2. A termination. 3. For. 4. Across. 5. A river in Africa. 6. Falls up. 7. To commit. 8. To trace. 9. To except. 10. Withered. 11. Cheerless. 12. Observe. 13. A letter.
Philadelphia, Pa. WILKINS MICAWBER.

No. 31. CHARADE.
"'Tis in the FIRST," "
Asserted Wilk. Micaw.—
"But not in NEXT,"
Replied T. Linkinwa.
They thus conversed
About a certain "ad."
WHOLE—If perplexed,
Apply to Hen. or Had.
Rondout, N. Y. HARRIKS.

No. 32. DIAMOND.
1. A letter.
2. An abbreviation of a title.
3. A worm.
4. Ornament.
5. A—ve—nio.
6. Interjection.
7. Mountain in Africa.
8. Bluish.
9. Hawks of a certain age.
10. Foreign coins.
11. A letter.
Philadelphia, Pa. TIM LINKINWATER.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1st. The POST six months, for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.

2nd. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

3rd. "Amateur Theatricals" for first pair of seven-letter rhomboids contributed.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions not acknowledged here are respectfully declined.

Goose Quill—hexagon. Flewy Ann—diamond. Mrs. Nickleby—cross word. Koo—cross word, half-square, diamond, numerical. Effendi—cross word.

CHAT.

EXPERTS. We examined Mr Sears' diamond, [illegible] both words, "before pronouncing [illegible] and [illegible] alike. Glad to see you on the qui vive, it shows an interest in "C's" which we hope will spread far and wide among our puzzlers.

HAL HAZARD [illegible] some more gems. Eleven letters is about the weight carried.

J. W. CAM. Where are the [illegible] anagrams.

MRS. NICKLEBY. You are right [illegible] words, if made properly are [illegible] especially when double [illegible] of consonants [illegible] must be given to meter, rhyme and meaning of the component words.

MR NOBLE BOOK.—Received the "Advertiser" and examined the "Mystic Woo," may it catch many fat [illegible] contributors and solvers. Let us hear from you [illegible].

MAY RAY. What [illegible] you? Have you [illegible] to matter to yourself [illegible].

[illegible] We await your findings, Lochinvar [illegible].

[illegible] We await [illegible] drawing the changes [illegible] are reading of [illegible].

[illegible] Many thanks for the paper and postal card [illegible].

[illegible] A number of answers, manuscripts [illegible] to us. You [illegible].

PEGGY WEBB. [illegible] Western friends [illegible] are in query of rebus. Your [illegible] A VARIETY. A VARIETY. A VARIETY. of good puzzles.

QUIET LIVES.

BY T. D. F.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender—
Veining delicate, and fibres tender,
Waving when the winds crept down so low.
Rushes tall, and moss and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole down by night and crowned it;
But no foot of man e'er came that way;
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep,
He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Leafage veining, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the Last Day!

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

A SHORT time after the battle of Jena, in which Napoleon broke down the armed opposition of Prussia, William I., Elector of Hesse Cassel, flying through Frankfort, summoned to an audience a prominent banker of the city.

"I am one of those," he said, "who trusted to the faith of that faithless perjurer and enemy of his race, Napoleon Bonaparte. He promised to preserve my territory from violation and to treat me as a neutral prince. He has forced me to fly from my own domain, has already seized it, is to obliterate it and make it a part of the kingdom of Westphalia. I have with me about $5,000 000. Take them! Keep them in security until my rights are restored and recognized. How much interest will you allow me?"

"In the disturbances of the time," replied Mayer von Rothschild, "I can promise you nothing. It must be a very low rate if any. You will have to trust me to pay what I can, when I am able to afford it."

"Very well," replied the Elector, "my chief purpose is to secure them. From what I learn of you I cannot do better than to trust you. I must bid you adieu."

Rothschild departed, received the Elector's treasure on deposit, was enabled to loan it and reloan it to some advantage, but paid no interest on it for eight years, after which he paid two per cent., for nine years and returned it to the Elector's son in 1823.

Such, at least, according to the legend, is the origin of that wonderful house of Rothschild, whose existence and operations are surrounded with something of the mysteries and dazzling spectacular display found chiefly in fairy romances and "Arabian Nights" tales.

During all the troubles of Europe in the early part of the century Rothschild remained undisturbed. He negotiated two loans of $1,000,000 each for Denmark which, contemptible now, were enormous then. A large wholesale metropolitan notions or dry goods house might surpass them to-day. Mayer Rothschild had the faculty of turning all chances to good account.

Just before his death in 1812 he called together his six sons—Nathan, Solomon, Anselm, Karl, Mayer and James, and said to them:

"I want you to promise me on your solemn oath always to remain united in carrying on the operations of our house."

They swore as he asked, but after his death separated; or rather they divided Europe between them. They established their houses at Paris, London, Frankfort, Vienna and Naples. Each one shared in the general operations of the house, but had individual supervision over his particular field. It was not a central bank with different branches; there were five different houses, which, if occasion required, acted as one.

The Emperor of Austria ennobled all of them as if they were all the eldest, which is an Austrian custom. Their arms are five golden arrows. By a remarkable coincidence, an ancient writer predicted that Charon, who according to the old myth ferried people over the Styx or river of death and gets his pay from the passengers, would have a large income in the year 1835, and in that year Nathan, the eldest, and Solomon and Karl all died. Everybody expected as each one dropped off to learn at least the secrets of that enormous banking-house. But there was not the smallest chance to look into their big books. Another Rothschild stood ready to take them from the dead man's hands. The firm is a dynasty. You can learn from it only that it has a secret of making money.

One of the great strokes of the Rothschild house was made when Nathan, the London banker, and an English citizen followed close in the rear of Napoleon in 1815, as if he foresaw the fall of that giant. The sun had not set on the battle of Waterloo before the banker was well on his way to London. He bought English consols, at that time very low in price. When London heard the great news, consols rose and Rothschild sold. This transaction was entirely Rothschild-like. In their transactions chance is eliminated as much perhaps as it is possible in human affairs. The conception of these grand schemes are clear and simple, however vast. The accomplishment alone is difficult, because it requires a rapid glance over the whole field and large capital. But there is in them indications of genius. In most of these first great operations there is the peculiarity of Christopher Columbus' famous egg trick. Dollars, like soldiers, need to be hurled en masse, and at once against a designated point. The Rothschilds in this respect have been the greatest captains of the century.

Capital has displaced men in the world of industry. Formerly a man was a producer or a negotiater, a borrower or a lender. By the substitution of capital, he may be all of these at the same time. In Belgium and Spain the Rothschilds are producers of coal and quicksilver. By virtue of the railroads they own they are also carriers; to-day they will be the largest buyers; to-morrow the largest sellers in Europe. Speculation is the fairy of the nineteenth century and the Rothschilds are its gods. Life at the present day has been almost tripled in intensity. A man who dies at forty years of age has certainly lived more than centenaries of the seventeenth century.

Money no longer has a country. The Rothschilds would lend it to Belgium and to Holland when they were mutual enemies; to France and to Germany; to Antonelli or Victor Emmanuel. Though empires go down with a crash, the house of Rothschild remains unmoved. They furnish the money to make war; they furnish it to make peace. The conqueror owes them for his guns; the conquered owes them for his ransom.

Only once was there any disagreement known to have arisen between them. When Naples ceased to be a capital, the Baron Adolphe de Rothschild removed his banking-house from the city and demanded in cash—his share of the common funds—$15 000 000. But perhaps recollecting the oath required by the founder of the house, the affair was arranged and the different Rothschilds in all times of confusion and trouble have continued to utter the same distant watchword of business, even as at night the clocks of large cities regulated by one hand strike the hours at the same moment.

When steam and electricity came into use the former great strides of speculation were no longer possible. But the Rothschilds anticipated these inventions. The Baron James at Paris, it is said, hastened to seize and use these new levers, which otherwise would have destroyed him. He was the principal projector of the French railways, and is said to have wept tears of joy on sending the first telegram to San Francisco. He had calculated the difference of time between Paris and San Francisco, and knew that the answer would come during the day. He awaited it in feverish silence. It came at the hour he had calculated.

The Rothschilds are for the most part Jews. The tomb of the Paris family is opposite that of Rachel in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise. An "R." is sculptured in relief on the white stone of the modest chapel. The enclosure in front is sown with pebbles. Every Jew who visits a grave leaves a stone.

The project of buying Palestine and reinstating the Jews has been attributed to the Rothschilds, but as they have never taken any steps towards it is probable that they either never thought of it or speedily abandoned it.

Many stories are told of their shrewdness, and while some of them are true more are legendary.

One of the best known is that of the Paris banker, who when two Communists entered his bank and demanded that he share his property with them gave them each a five-franc piece and told them that was their share as near as he could calculate it.

It was a Rothschild, too, who while playing cards was much annoyed by another player, who stopped the game in order that he might find a piece of money that had fallen upon the carpet.

Rothschild thereupon folded a bank note, lit it, and held it for him, saying: "There, my good man, hurry up while I hold the light."

Grains of Gold.

Never be idle.

Never gamble.

Make few promises.

Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

When you speak to a person look them in the face.

Some men are like brooks, they are always murmuring.

No man ever repented of living a Christian on his death-bed.

Make your life so that there will always be a haven around you.

If you would have others speak well of you, speak well of others.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Never look over the shoulder of another who is reading or writing.

Never appear to notice a scar, deformity or defect of anyone present.

No one will dare maintain that it is better to do injustice than to bear it.

Divine vengeance comes with feet of lead, but it strikes with hands of iron.

Study books to know how things ought to be; study men to know how things are.

How sure it is that if we say a true word, instantly we feel it is God's, not ours, and pass it on.

Nature has sown in man seeds of knowledge, but they must be cultivated to produce fruit.

A man that keeps riches and enjoys them not, is like an ass that carries gold and eats thistles.

When a man speaks the truth you may count pretty surely that he possesses most other virtues.

If you sweep your own doorsteps clean you will have little time to criticise those of your neighbor.

Don't carry your head so high that you cannot see stumps in your way over which you may stumble.

The shortest and most direct road to popularity is for a man to be the same that he wishes to be taken for.

Many a man who feels himself great among little people would find himself little if he were among great people.

What a pleasure it is to be continually told of our faults by those humbugs whose virtues have never yet been detected.

Our hopes, though they never happen, yet are some kind of happiness; as trees, whilst they are growing, please in the prospect.

Never retire at night without being wiser than when you arose in the morning, by having learned something useful during the day.

Hasty critics are apt to take that which their understanding acknowledges as true for that which their memory recognizes as old.

There are some people in the world who have a few friends with whom they are very intimate, and don't know how to treat the rest politely.

Teaching is imparting ideas; training is reducing ideas to practice. Teaching is giving knowledge; training is converting ideas into character.

Give entertainment to pious thoughts, and hear what they say. Holy thoughts are precious things, and if not angels, they are God's messengers.

Experience teaches us indulgence; the wisest man is he who doubts his own judgment with regard to the motives which actuates his fellow men.

If mortals would but look at the subject rationally, they would see that it is enough happiness to be free from sorrow, and not bring sorrow upon themselves by pining for happiness in direction in which it was never yet found.

Femininities.

A twelve year-old girl has been licensed to teach school in Iowa.

The Duchess of Cumberland's bridal train was five yards of white velvet.

There is no good reason why it should be so, but doll babies are always girls.

Five barrels of coal to a poor widow is worth two boxes of sermons on charity.

It is not decided that women love more than men, but it is indisputable that they love better.

Sand color is the latest color in Paris for traveling dresses. It is said to look as sweet as sugar.

A man's great ambition is to be credited with some great feat; a woman's to be credited with small feet.

The loveliest faces are to be seen by moonlight, when one sees half with the eye and half with the fancy.

Pole cats are abundant in this State. The furs are sold to high-toned ladies under the name "American lynx."

The remembrance of a beloved mother becomes the shadow of all our actions; it either goes before or follows.

A St. Louis woman has applied in vain to the city for money wherewith to conduct a suit for divorce against her husband.

Love sees what no eye sees; love hears what no ear hears; and what never rose in the heart of man love prepares for its object.

An exchange says; "Let girls be girls." That may suit some of them, but nine out of every ten would rather be married women.

There is believed to be only one thing slower than molasses in January and that is a lady making room for another lady in a street car.

A new way has been devised by a Walnut street man to keep his wife at home. He has a horrid mouse on top of the box containing her latest bonnet.

A woman does not hesitate a great while between a velvet bonnet and a barrel of flour. Because, you see, just as like as not the bonnet will have a flower upon it.

It was a New Jersey wife who said: "My dear, if you can't drink bad coffee without abusing me, how is it you can drink bad whisky without abusing the barkeeper?"

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value. There are men, however who judge of both from the beauty of the covering.

A wife, having lost her husband, was inconsolable for his death. "Leave me to my grief," she cried, sobbing; "you know the extreme sensibility of my nerves; a mere nothing upsets them."

Custom compels an Icelander to kiss every woman he meets. This accounts for the absence of well traveled roads in that country and the existence of trails and "short cuts" through the woods.

A Tennessee widow gave a fellow a suit of clothes on condition that he would marry her, and the ungrateful dog went off and married another girl. The widow sued and got the suit of clothes back, however.

A stylish couple out West had so many friends that they could not make their wedding cake go round, so they had it photographed and sent pictures to all their friends; which was considered anything but tasty.

Miss Harriet Hosmer is complimented by *The World* of London as the greatest of the female sculptors the world has ever seen, and one of the very few among those who have produced strong work and not mere prettinesses.

Grenadine veils for wintry days are chosen in colors to match the costume; olive green and dark maroon red grenadine are the novelties, also beige colors. The preference, however, still continues for dark green and blue veils.

"What," asks a ladies' paper, "what won't a young man do for the woman he devoutly loves?" Well, he won't go out to the corner grocery for a pint of milk in daylight, if there are people sitting on the next door front stoop.

Sam recently got married, and told his wife that she might retain all the change which dropped on the floor out of his pockets. What was his astonishment on Monday morning to find no money in his pants. He has since ascertained that his wife hangs his pants upside down.

The following unique epistle was picked up in the street lately: "Dear Bill: The reason I didn't laff when yu laft at me in the post-offis yisterday was becawse I hev a bile on my face, and kan't laff. If I laff she'll bust. But I luv yu Bill, bile or no bile, laff or no laff. Yure luvin' Kate, till deth."

Swedish brides have a custom of letting a shoe slip or a handkerchief fall, in the hope that the bridegroom will from politeness stoop to pick it up. If he does, it is believed it will be his lot to submit throughout married life. In Denmark it is still a common saying that a lady who rules her husband has him "under the slipper."

In Hartford, Conn., when a man asks for bread he is given stones to break to pay for it.

The young Queen of Holland had, up to her marriage, been allowed only $100 a year to dress herself.

A Newark, N. J. cutlery firm is said to have received a large order from England for a lot of scissors and shears.

The Princess Louise, following her mother's example, pays a bounty of £1 apiece for triplets born in the Dominion.

New colors have just been supplied to the French army, the standards having, in place of the old Imperial eagles, a wreath of laurel traversed by a golden dart.

There are some superstitions that never die out. Belief in the divining power of a key placed on a Bibles still common among the humbler classes from one end of England to the other.

Hasline.

Missing men—Bad marksmen.

The beginning of the end—The letter E.

Hush money—The money paid a baby's nurse.

To ask a man to pay a bill is as easily said as dun.

People who live on flats are not necessarily sharpers.

A lumber dealer failed last week—could not pay his board bills.

A dead hen is better than a live one; she will lay wherever you put her.

"I hope I see you well," as the bucket said when it touched the water.

A clergyman who was preaching in State's prison said he was glad to see so many present.

A new brand of cigars is called "The lottery ticket," because only one in a thousand draws.

Uncomfortable wraps—Those of the waiter at the hotel who calls you for the early train.

Why is it impossible to cheat at chess? Because all movements must be made on the square.

An elderly lady, head nurse in an institution for children, calls herself "queen of the bawl-room."

Rasper being told he looked seedy, and asked what business he was in, replied: "The hardware business; look at my wardrobe."

He said but little, yet as he gazed on the mutilated edge of his best razor, he mentally vowed never again to marry a woman with corns.

People who take their meals at restaurants must shudder when they read the advertisement, "Wanted—Women for puddings."

The gold dollar makes less noise in the contribution box than a ten cent piece—principally for the reason that it is never put in.

A Miss was asked recently which she preferred of two brothers. She responded, "When I am with either of them I prefer the other."

Young housewife: "What miserable little eggs again! You really must tell them, Jane, to let the hens sit on them a little longer!"

A coroner's verdict reads thus: "The deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

"John," said a hen-pecked wife, "I wish it was the fashion to trade husbands as it is to trade horses. "Why so?" "I'd cheat some one before night."

A student in response to a reproof for the lowness of his position in the class: "Well, Professor, never mind; I presume I am as much to blame as you are."

A patent two-horse street sweeper is not a pleasant thing to meet, but it is not quite so bad as to pass a hallway containing a determined woman and a broom.

An editor, with nine unmarried daughters, was recently made justly indignant by the misconstruction his contemporaries put upon his able leader on "The demand for more men."

The following explanation of a legal term is offered by a Teutonic member of the police force: "Vun I git me out a habeas scorpious, I can chust so vell catch a man where he ain't as where he is."

Instructor—"What does Condillac say about brutes in the scale of being?" Student—"He says a brute is an imperfect animal." Instructor—"And what is man?" Student—"Man is a perfect brute."

Poverty, like riches, has its redeeming points. Indeed, it is altogether a comforting sight to mark the look of calm serenity which passes over the face of Poverty while reading about a big bank failure.

Said a railroad engineer to an Irishman whose cow had been killed: "But she didn't get out of the way when I rang the bell." "Faith, thin," said Pat, "ye didn't shtop when she rang her bell, naythur."

A great many years ago a poor beggar explained his ragged appearance by observing, "I have no money to buy new clothing, and mend I can't." And his class have been called mendicants ever since.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said an Irish barrister, "It will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity."

An exhorter in a camp meeting in Georgia was telling his congregation of the wickedness of the world, and how many people cheated, and lied, and backbited and all that sort of thing, when an old storekeeper jumped up, and said: "I know who you are mistenatt. "Tain't no such thing."

When the Philistine goes to the church fair and sees the minister draw the Shakspeare, the minister's wife the set of furs, his daughter the piano, the senior deacon the horse and carriage and the sexton a barrel of flour, he comes away sadly confident that he knows why the heathen so furiously rage together.

If a Frenchman attends his wife's funeral he always walks. A certain newly-made widower, who had seemed inconsolable, went through the usual form. Afterward some friends called, expecting to find him plunged still in the deepest grief. To their surprise he was quite lively and said, "Upon my word, that walk did me good."

I HAVE FOR MANY YEARS PAST USED IN MY OWN FAMILY, and recommended to the families of my congregation, as the best remedy I know of for Coughs, Colds and Incipient Consumption, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, and also Jayne's Sanative Pills as a remedy for Costiveness, Biliousness and Impurity of the Blood. My confidence in the great value of these medicines increases the longer I use them, and observe their wonderful health-restoring effects. They have given universal satisfaction in all the families to whom I have recommended them.—Rev. Dr. Dowling, late Pastor of Berean Baptist Church, New York.

OLD LETTERS.

BY P. HENRY BOYLE.

Before the grate she stood, as 'twere an altar,
A blue-bound off'ring resting in her hands.
Up leap the flames. She does not halt nor falter,
But casts the treasures 'mid the glowing brands.
A moment's stretch—then, warmed by kindred fire,
The letters smile at death, and crisply curled,
Yield up their lives, while fails to ruin dire,
A youthful love-built world.

The cloud-capped towers, reared by Fancy's fingers
Fed fat the flames and tottered into dust;
And where Faith built alone a fragment lingers
As though to make the grave of woman's trust.
So sank Love's sun with waning light and tender,
From 'mong the Fleulds in Youth's starry skies,
To wander dark and—save with lessened splendor—
To nevermore arise.

LIFE IN ABYSSINIA.

NOWHERE, perhaps, do the young people begin to think of marriage at an earlier age than in Abyssinia. There are many brides of eight or nine years old, and boys of a proportionately youthful stage are considered marriageable. Proposals are made to the girl's father, and, during the period of betrothal, the young man is never allowed to see his intended wife even for a moment. It appears that both civil and church marriages exist in Abyssinia, although the latter are rarely solemnized except between persons who have lived happily together until the decline of life. Once sanctified by partaking of the sacrament the bond is deemed indissoluble, whereas the civil contract may be broken on the shortest notice and for the most trifling reasons. In this country children follow the condition of the father, not the mother, and it is worth noting also that the right of adoption is reciprocal. If a young man, for instance, wishes to be adopted as the son of one of superior wealth or station, he takes the latter's hand, and, sucking one of his fingers, declares himself his child by adoption, whereupon the new parent, although he should hold a financial position analogous to Rothschild's, would be bound to assist him to the utmost of his ability. As regards the domestic habits of Abyssinians, it appears that the dwellings of the rich are spacious and somewhat elaborate. There are usually about two courts, one containing room for servants, and the other the residence of the master. The latter consists of three divisions, the middle one being the reception hall, where the master sleeps, eats and receives visitors. On one side is the retiring room of the women, on a raised platform screened by a wall, while on the other is a stable whose door opens into the master's room, through which, accordingly, the mules must pass on going in or out. It is well known that the natives prefer to eat their meat raw as soon as the animal is killed, but otherwise their diet seems to be civilized enough.

For dress the male Abyssinians wear a pair of tight cotton breeches, a large belt and a mantle which is said to resemble the Roman toga. It seems to be a curious reminiscence of the old imperial vesture that along both ends of their robes runs a red stripe, five or six inches broad. We may add that the so-called belts are really a species of gigantic swathing cloth, about a yard in breadth, and varying in length from fifteen to sixty yards. The married women of Abyssinia are dressed quite as decently as any in the world, although the distinguishing costume for young girls is rather slight, scarcely reaching to the knees, and leaving the right arm and breast exposed. Rich women, who have a mule for riding, sometimes wear loose trousers, and great ladies use a sort of clumsy shoe made of red or black leather. Like the women of most Eastern nations, the Abyssinian ladies stain their hands and feet in henna, and darken their eyelids in antimony. They also dress and butter their hair, and the acme of elegance is to appear in the morning with a large pat of butter squeezed on the top of the head, which, as it gradually melts, runs over the hair, down the forehead, and into the eyes. Some ladies tattoo themselves, marking the feet, ankles and calves of the legs with lines to imitate rings. On their ankles are placed three pair of massive silver and gilt bangles corresponding to the number of bracelets on the wrists, while on their insteps and heels jingle a quantity of little ornaments, strung like beads, on a silk cord. When we add that Abyssinian ladies dance and receive, but never read, though the whole literature of the country is comprised in a hundred and ten volumes, their mode of existence would seem to be sufficiently artificial.

The scheme of government resembles curiously that which obtained in Japan. There is an emperor who must belong to the royal house of Solomon. He is above all law, his decision being supreme in all causes, ecclesiastical and civil, while the land and persons of his subjects revert to him upon their death. The basis of legal judgments in an Ethiopic translation of the code of Justinian, which is reputed to have fallen from heaven during the reign of Constantine the Great. As for the military system, it is almost feudal, only four hundred fusileers, bondsmen of the King, receiving pay. The weapons of these undisciplined, ununiformed levies are a sword, spear and shield, the latter being about a yard in diameter, and made of buffalo hide.

The religion of the Abyssinians is a strange medley, to which the Jew, the Moslem and the Pagan has each contributed, although in the matter of profession no nation is more loudly Christian. In their representations of a future world on the walls of churches it is noteworthy that they always paint angels and good men white, devils and bad men black.

Like the ancient Jews, the Abyssinians believed that human beings may be possessed by devils; and as burials occur a few hours after supposed death, we are not surprised that noises, as of groans, etc., attributed to the evil spirit, are sometimes heard issuing from the tomb. There is no country in the world in which there are so many churches as in Abyssinia. They are mostly built on high places, surrounded by groves, and divided into three compartments corresponding to the Court of the Levites, that of the priests and the Holy of Holies. In the inner sanctuary is kept an ark, which, in cases of emergency, is carried to the place where the army is encamped. The precincts of these churches are sanctuaries for offenders and further, Saturday, being the Jewish Sabbath, brings rest from all labor.

THE BEARD.

NOT many years ago it was hardly respectable to wear a beard, but the beard movement, resisted and ridiculed at first, has conquered, and it grows more the fashion to grow on the face as full a covering of hair as can be coaxed out. "The beard," the natural clothing of the chin, says a very old writer, "was in ancient times looked upon not as a troublesome burden, but as a dignified ornament of ripe manhood and old age." Our present generation, however, cares nothing for "dignified ornament" in dress, but very much for convenience and utilitarianism. It sees in the beard and, above all, in the moustache a natural defence for the throat and face against the cold, and equally in warm climates a protection of these parts against excessive heat. Persons who wear moustaches are said, on good authority, to be less liable to toothache than others, and it is also said that the teeth are less apt to decay. The beard and moustache equalize the temperature to the parts they cover with their protection. The sappers and miners of the French army, chosen in part for the size and beauty of their beards, enjoy an especial immunity against bronchitis and similar evils. It is related that Walter Savage Landor was a great sufferer from sore throat for many years of his life, but was cured by the surgeon of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who advised him to let his beard grow. "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads; neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard," says the Scriptures in Leviticus. In ancient times all men and gods wore beards. The glory and beauty of Jupiter's beard is dwelt upon by Homer, when the father of gods and men is first brought into the Iliad. Alexander the Great first introduced shaving, saying that in the Asiatic wars the beards of his warriors "might afford a handle to the enemy." It became the mark of a fine gentleman to wear no beard in Greece, and dandies even removed them by "sharp pitch plasters," as well as razors. Rome began to shave about 150 years before the Christian era. Scipio Africanus, the Younger, it is said, was the first Roman gentleman of note who shaved every day. In Cæsar's time young gentlemen of fashion wore a slight goatee, but the full beard was only worn in mourning or in days of great public calamity. Cæsar Augustus and Nero were close shaved, but the beard revived again under later emperors. The ancient Britons cut off their beards upon the chin, but wore long, straggly hair and enormous tangled moustaches. A young barbarian in some German tribes never "reaped his chin" till he had slain an enemy. The Saxons wore the moustache; the Normans shaved.

In the Bayeux Tapestry, we can distinguish the two nations everywhere by this sign. Of course when Norman William won the throne the courtly days of beards were at an end. King Edward III. in 1327, one of the handsomest men who ever lived, revived the fashion. He and his son, the Black Prince, were famous for their beards. On all the knightly effigies of that period "the beard is forked, and the moustache is long, drooping on each side of the mouth." But the handsomest royal beard was Henry VIII's, which is celebrated by poets of his time. France, however, in all ages has been the fountain-head of fashion, and France at length went against the beard. King Henry IV. of France and Navarre had a very handsome beard, though he bestowed small time or pains on it. His son, Louis XIII., ascended the throne beardless, and instantly all courtiers shaved. It was matter of complaint against Sully, his father's great minister, that he appeared at the court of a beardless monarch in his old-fashioned beard. Peter the Great, destrous of de Russianizing his subjects, imposed a graduated tax on beards. Men of the upper classes paid 100 roubles ($79) yearly for the privilege of not shaving their beards and poor people a kopeck (about one cent) apiece. Close shaven faces came back among our ancestors with Charles II., being another of the things for which England has no reason to thank the Restoration. During the reigns of the four Georges cropped chins were universal, and though our grandfathers still sneered at "beardless boys" as a figure of speech, they daily labored to be beardless themselves. Afloat and ashore, whatever the difficulties of the operation, officers, soldiers and seamen shaved every day. During the past fifty years beards have been first tolerated as eccentric, then accepted as optional, and at last have been restored to fashion and honor. We now hold, with one of the old bards who celebrated Henry VIII's beard, that—

"A well thatched face is a comely grace
And a shelter from the cold."

The Indians cultivate five times as much land as they did ten years ago.

Six burglars, who had been placed in jail in Seymour, Ind., for entering houses and stealing clothing, were taken out Friday morning by a body of men, and after being stripped, were soundly flogged and dismissed, with the warning not to come into the neighborhood again.

A curious Hartford pair are two brothers employed at the same place of business some miles from their homes, who had a falling out a dozen years ago, and have never spoken to each other since, though they ride to and from the same wagon, preserving a moody silence toward each other.

A worthy householder at Valence warned the police of an intended attempt to rob his house. Several officers were concealed on the premises, and the man and his daughter went out to pass the evening. On their return the officers took them for robbers, and shot them, killing the daughter, and seriously wounding the man.

MANGY CATTLE.—The cause of cattle shedding their hair at unusual seasons of the year is owing to the following general causes: Debility, as the result of insufficient nutritive food, filthy condition of the cattle pens and surroundings, herding of too many animals together, want of pure air, exercise, and muscle making nitrogenous fodder, and also from lice.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price 50 cts.; postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office 108 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, Bible House, New York City.*

New Publications.

MAGAZINES.

The magazines for March are brilliant with profuse illustrations of exceptional merit, as well as the choice variety of reading matter.

Scribner's is a very attractive number, and is elaborately illustrated, opening with a description of "A College Camp at Lake George," by R. R. Bowker. "The Old Mill at Newport" is discussed by R. J. Hatfield, with a variety of illustrations of relative architecture. John Muir takes the reader through "The Passes of the Sierras" with graphic illustrations. An interesting sketch of Modjeska is given by Charles DeKay, illustrated by reproductions of her portrait as Juliet and the painting by Carolus Duran, and Mary Hallock Foote contributed one as she appeared as Cleopatra. "The Commercial Crisis of 1837" is from the W. J. Sumner. There are four memorial odes to Bayard Taylor, contributed by Sidney Lanier, C. P. Cranch, Paul H. Hayne and Marie Mason. A sketch of The late George Rapp and the Harmonists is contributed by D. E. Nevin. The rest of the contents. "Theocritus" (a poem) by Maurice Egan. The several chapters containing the serial stories, "Haworths" and "Falconberg" "Pomona's Bridal Trip" a short story by Frank Stockton, "Success" (a poem) by Emma Lazarus. "A Buffalo Hunt in Northern Mexico" by Lew Wallace, "Heart of Sorrows" (a poem) by Amanda Jones. "Lawn Planting for Small Places" by Samuel Parsons. "A Glance into the Summer Alcove of Harvard Library" by Kate T. Smith. "October Snow" (a poem) by George Parsons Lathrop. "De Gustibus" by Charles S. Eastlake. "Some Western Schoolmasters" by Edward Eggleston. The various Departments are also replete with articles of timely interest.

St. Nicholas comes with its usual charming variety of stories, poetry and profuse decorations. It opens with an Arctic Story by Dr. Hayes, the illustration forming the frontispiece. Horace E. Scudder tells an amusing story about the Obstinate Weathercock. Julian Hawthorne's fairy story "Humpty Dudget's Tower is continued and the other articles by Susan Coolidge and Frank Stockton are also continued with fresh interest. An amusing story Wanted, is by Sarah Winter Kellogg. Kate Foote tells about Pets from Forest. The American Carnival is described in "An American Mardi Gras. The other contents are Oriental Bottles and Wells; a description of experiments with the electric lighter Wonderful Candle. The poems are Plaything Sky, a dispute between A Wasp and the Bee, Dick's Supper, and Calling the Flowers, by Mary Mapes Dodge. The usual variety of puzzles &c. conclude the number.

The North American Review edited by Allen Thorndyke Rice, opens with discursive articles on Negro Suffrage divided under two heads, Ought the Negro to be Disfranchised? Ought he to have been enfranchised? on which are articles from Senator Blaine, Senator Lamar, Governor Wade Hampton, James A. Garfield, Alexander H. Stephens, Wendell Phillips, Montgomery Blair, Thomas A. Hendricks, and a conclusion by Senator Blaine. The other contents are The Philosophy of Jonathan Edwards by Prof. Geo. P. Fisher, D.D. The Indian Problem by Gen'l. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A. Cryptography in Politics by John R. G. Hassard. "Russian Novels and Novelists of the Day" by S. E. Shevitch.

The March number of Harper's Magazine is superb, with its artistic illustrations, which number eighty five, and accompanied by a choice variety of articles by well known contributors, make it an exceptionably fine number. The opening pages give the first of a series on "Present Tendencies of American Art," illustrated by excellent engravings of pictures by prominent American artists. An article on "Sea Birds" is very interesting and well illustrated. "The Coast Survey" gives an interesting account of the labors of that department. The article on the "English Homes of the Washingtons" is full of interesting information. The series on "Old Dutch Masters" is devoted to Rembrandt, illustrated by several of his pictures. A charming description of the "Austrian Tyrol" is given in the article "Berg and Thal," with graphic illustrations. The merits of "English and American Locomotives" are discussed in another article. The rest of the contents are, "The English in India," "Climates for Invalids," "Afghanistan," Gary's Magnetic Motor," "The Torn Side of Macaulay," The continuing chapters to Miss Muloch's serial, "Young Mrs. Jardine," "Miss Vedder," Miss Marlor's Nerves" and "Summer Story." Two poems—"The Pine Tree" and "Along the Shore." The various editorial apartments have their usual variety of interesting articles.

Lippincott's Magazine for March is replete with attractions in its articles and illustrations. A graphic picture of the Hudson Bay regions is given in the article, "A Day with Hudson's Bay Dog Sledges," by H. M. Robinson. Edward King contributes an interesting sketch of life and character in "Hungarian Types and Austrian Pictures." Rossiter Johnson gives a very touching account of the unfortunate career of the poet, Richard Realf. "Narcissus" concludes the first of the series of society stories under the title of "Women's Husbands." An interesting description with nine illustrations is given of "Pottery and Porcelain at the Paris Exposition," by Jennie J. Young. Anna Kleinberg contributes a short story called "Monsieur Pampalon's Repentance." Edgar Fawcett has a charming poem, with the title, "Yesterday." The first of a series of Southern pictures is given in "My Village in the South," by Annie Porter. Howard M. Jenkins discusses Delaware's mode of punishment in an article on "Live Wood in Our Whipping Posts." "If this be Love," a poem, by G. S. "Joseph's Adventure," by D. C. Macdonald, and chapters continuing the serial story, "Through Winding Ways." The Monthly Gossip has a variety of timely articles.

The February number of Cassel's Magazine of Art, which begins the second volume contains a number of fine illustrations, among which are reproductions of two of Gainsborough's portraits, one of Mrs. Siddons, and one of the Princess Elizabeth, with a sketch of the artist. The opening pages give a sketch of the new President of the Royal Academy, Sir Frederick Leighton, with a fac-simile reproduction of his study of drapery. "Sketches in Lower Brittany" contains a variety of characteristic illustrations. The short biography of "Our Living Artists," is devoted to James Clark Hook, R. A., and gives his portrait and two of his pictures, "Crabbers" and "Jolly as a Sand-Boy." The article on "French Fine Art at the French Exhibition, reproduces some pictures by some of the prominent French artists. An article on the "Dudley Gallery" has several illustrations of its pictures. An article on American artists and American art, discusses a "History of Beginnings." Another one on "Wood Engraving" is illustrated. A reproduction is given of the pictures, "Joseph Making Himself Known to his Brethern," by D. W. Wynfield, and "La Peche," by Butin, all of which make an attractive beginning of the new volume.

The supplement of the current number of the Scientific Monthly, published by Appleton & Co. of New York, contains a variety of timely articles of interest. "The Progress of Socialism in England," is discussed by the Rev. Wm. Cunningham. "The Alcohol Question" contains eleven interesting articles, contributed by prominent writers. "Philosophy in the United States," is contributed by G. Stanley Hall. The other articles are, "Fairy Lore of Savages," by J. A. Farrer, "Gravitation as a Factor in the Organic World," by Wm. Crookes, "Supposed Changes in the Moon," by Richard Proctor. "The Wealth of England," by Robert Giffen. A sketch of "George Henry Lewes," by Anthony Trollope. "The Future of English Women," by Mrs. A. Sutherland Orr." "The Nature and Treatment of Hydrophobia," by Joseph Fayrer. "The Origin of Nerves," by Dr. Andrew Wilson. "The Music of Color and Motion."

"The Popular Science Monthly," for February, contains a variety of valuable and interesting articles, among which is a biographical sketch of Elisha Gray, the inventor of the speaking telephone patented in February 1876. His portrait is also given as the frontispiece. The remainder of the contents are "Darwin vs. Galiani, by Prof. Emil Du Bois Reymond, "Scientific Relation of Sociology to Biology," by Prof. J. Le Conte. "The Crystallization of Gold, Silver and other metals," by Thomas J. Gregan, (Illus.), "Herbert Spencer before the English Copyright Commission," "The Formation of Mountains," "Planetary Rings and New Stars," by Prof. Daniel Vaughan "The Old Phrenology and the New," by Dr. A. Wilson, "Backgammon among the Aztecs" by Edward B. Tynor, "Mites, Ticks and other Acari," by E. R. Leland, "Typhoid Fever Poison," by Dr. Van de Warker, popular miscellany &c.

MUSIC.

Smith's Musical Album No. 3, contains a well selected variety of instrumental and vocal music. The list of songs are Keep it Dark, Big six, Believe Me, Clochette, She Stood at the Gate, and the following from the Pinafore Operetta, Little Buttercup, He is an Englishman, Things are Seldom What they Seem, Kind Captain, Many Years Ago, A Maiden Fair to See, and several others. Among the instrumental pieces are Sweet Briar Waltz, Hours of the Past, Home Sweet Home Waltz, First Kiss Waltz, The Tempest, Jolly Brothers Galop an Air from Trovatore, Polka from La Fille de Mad. Angot and Schumann's Happy Peasant. Published by White, Smith & Co., of Boston.

The February number of the Folio gives a portrait of Minnie Hauck, and a pleasing variety of vocal and instrumental music, among which are the following: A song by Danks, called "Lay Aside the Little Shoes and Stockings," with chorus. "The Lost Chord," music by Arthur Sullivan and words by Adelaide Proctor. "Rest in the Lord," a sacred song, duett and chorus. "Jesus Lover of my Soul," arranged for contralto or baritone, by J. L. Gilbert. "Clochette," a song, by J. L. Malloy. "Dancing on the Meadow," a Polka Brilliante, by Blake. "Jennie Wren Waltz," by J. W. Turner. A song duett from the "Pinafore." "Kind Captain, or the Merry Maiden and the Tar." Published by White, Smith & Co., of Boston.

The total wool clip of the United States for 1878 is estimated at 211,000,000 pounds, which is the largest in the history of the country. Colorado, New Mexico and Texas are rapidly increasing their production of wool.

Ezra G. Perkins, a Boston railroad contractor, who died a few days ago, obtained a wife in a peculiar manner. He took a fancy to Mrs. Hardy, coolly hired her husband to permit her to get a divorce, and then married her.

The friends of the late Cashier Barron, of Dexter, Me., and especially the administrator of his estate, complain that they are not permitted even to look at the books of the bank, although they have repeatedly asked for an opportunity.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson's figure is still erect and firm, his face is still full of vigorous expression, and he talks with accustomed strength, though his memory is not so good as it used to be. He still holds his faith in the future of humanity.

A memorial has been introduced in the Dakotah Legislature, asking Congress to divide Dakotah into two territories, and there is a strong sentiment against the admission of the whole of Dakotah as a State, as provided in a bill now pending in Congress.

There are parts of California where the beasts of the forest exist in their primitive glory. Several panthers recently made a descent from their mountain home upon some fine and costly Angora goats belonging to a farmer of Carpenteria, and left only six out of twenty-two.

The person longest in the employ of any of the departments in Washington is Lindsey Moss, a messenger at the Navy Department, who was first appointed to that position by Secretary Southard during the administration of John Quincy Adams in 1828, and has served there continuously to the present time.

It is intimated that one reason for the resignation of Senator Christiancy and his acceptance of the Mission to Peru, is to get his young wife out of the reach of her step-children, who make her home unhappy. The Senator says he preferred the Peruvian Mission to that at Berlin, because of the greater cheapness of living in Lima. From this, it appears that he had choice of the two places.

Glittering Jewels and Magnificent Dresses

cannot compensate for the absence of a fine complexion. Fine feathers do not make fine birds in such a case. A smooth, radiant skin renders its owner attractive without the aid of a splendid toilette. In order to obtain this supreme talisman of loveliness, it is only necessary to use LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, which speedily removes roughness of the cuticle, and suffuses it with a pure and delicate lustre. It is moreover perfectly harmless.

News Notes.

New Haven residents employ about 500 telephones, connected by seventy-miles of wire.

A Connecticut farmer and his son have been badly poisoned in the hands by buckskin gloves.

Experiments in France with an American locomotive are now watched with a good deal of interest.

Senator Blaine generally wears a rusty black hat, which he is constantly smoothing the wrong way.

Japan is now manufacturing boots for sale in the United States from leather brought from American ports.

It is reported that Dom Pedro wants an enterprising American to start a first-class hotel in Rio Janeiro.

Ben Perley Poore, the well-known Washington correspondent, still wears a blue coat with brass buttons.

Rats and mice are bought in London by a regular dealer who feeds the pet dogs and cats of the aristocracy.

Two weeks of opera cost the people of Chicago, including tickets, carriages and et ceteras, at least $175,000.

Some of Eugenie's china and linen was sold a short time ago in London, at auction, and brought good prices.

Cincinnati papers record with evident pride that nine foundlings have been found on doorsteps in that city since New Year's Day.

The Chicago courts have decided that a divorce cannot be granted when the "desertion" is the result of an agreement, to live apart.

Pope Leo XIII. is said to be superstitious to the extent of believing that if salt is spilled upon the floor during meal time it presages death.

According to the New York Music Trade Review seventy-eight young ladies are waiting for operatic debuts promised them by Mr. Strakosch.

Lord Beaconsfield, according to a London correspondent, lives principally on champagne jelly, of which he consumes three guineas' worth at each meal.

The bicycle mania does not seem to have diminished in England, and a company to manufacture these machines has just been organized with a capital of $175,000.

Victoria Woodhull and her sister Tennie C. Claflin like England so well, that they propose to remain there the remainder of their lives. Their parents are with them.

An Iowa girl eloped with her lover and was married the other day, while her dearest lady friend, closely veiled, led her cruel father a wild goose chase in another direction.

The Society of Friends in England is remarkable for the longevity of its members. There were but 281 deaths last year among the 17,000 Quakers in Great Britain and Ireland.

It is reported from London that Prince Leopold, the eighth child and fourth son of Queen Victoria, now in the twenty-sixth year of his age, will enter the Church of England.

A petition has been presented in the Alabama Legislature, signed by hundreds of Presbyterians, praying for a law prohibiting the running of railroad trains on the Sabbath.

Queen Victoria has revised an article on the late Princess Alice, which is soon to appear in one of the London periodicals, and the publication of which is awaited with much interest.

Lord Rosebarry brought home from Canada a handsome carved sideboard, and Mr. Bass, the great brewer, has ordered one like it, to cost not less than $1,000, from the colonial dealer.

"The fact is, my papa did not know what to do with the man, and so he had them poisoned," the son of a Moorish official told an English consul who wished to know what had become of two visitors.

John E. Skinner, a compositor of New Haven, has received notice of a legacy of $750,000 left him by Antoine Mercer, of St. Thomas, West Indies, in return for kindness shown the latter when poor and friendless.

A gift of $12 000 has been made to the Boston University as a nucleus for a fund for a Professorship of Liberal Arts. A lady has given $2 000 toward the endowment of a woman's Professorship in the same college.

A tailor in Concord, N. H., has made, in compliance with the order of an eccentric customer, a pair of trousers which measure 20 inches in circumstance at the thigh and 13 inches at the ankle, and have a spring bottom of 24 inches.

Rodwell says the gigantic chestnut-trees of Carpinetto are no myths, but sober realities. He asserts that the diameter of the trunk of one of them is 25 f et, and that a public road passes through the much decayed trunk of the largest.

A Kansas paper reports that what is supposed by some to be a volcano has been discovered twelve miles north of Cawker City, in that State. Smoke and hot air issue from the ground, which is so warm that the snow has been melted from the bluff.

A young lady while dancing at a military ball in Albany one night recently, felt something pierce her hand. Examination showed it covered with blood, and that the stone setting of a ring she wore was missing. It is supposed that the stone was adroitly cut out.

American coal is sold in Switzerland, coming from Philadelphia by sailing ships to Marseilles, and thence by rail to Geneva, where it costs about $10 a ton. The price is under that of German and French coal at the same point, and the quality is pronounced much better.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

MYSTERY!—By sending 25c (Silver) and personal description, you'll receive a picture of your intended, date of marriage, time and place of first meeting, view of home after marriage, and "FORTUNE TELLER'S JOURNAL," (Weekly) three months.
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CURES THE WORST PAINS
In from One to Twenty Minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is
The Only Pain Remedy
that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.
FEVER AND AGUE,
FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
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CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.
Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,
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Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by
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No disease is so widely prevalent as Dyspepsia, none is characterized by such a variety of harassing symptoms. Heartburn, Nausea, Acidity, Waterbrash, oppression at the pit of the stomach after meals, and a sinking sensation in that organ between them, colicky pains, nervousness inability to sleep, sick headache, palpitation of the heart and vertigo are the more prominent indications of the malady, but in addition to these it gives rise to a host of odd sensations, which are utterly indescribable.
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"E. A. CURRIE, *No. 1243 Cuss Street.*"
"Philadelphia, Dec 31st, 1877.
"I take pleasure in recommending 'Digestique Powders' as a specific for dyspepsia. I have tried them *and can attest their efficacy and curative powers* for this prevailing disease.
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For outward use only, no rubbing or friction required.
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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THE taste of all chance in fashion is a weariness of a conventional sameness, and a love of that variety of which dress affords such ample scope. In spite of the artistic elegance of the materials and costumes designed for the many occasions which mid-winter gaities create, there is a longing for something new, which is increased as we note the appearance of materials intended for the spring, for our prominent dry goods shops already display *avant couriers* of the coming season, and in such charming designs and coloring as make one impatiently eager for its arrival. The interval between the close of the winter months and the days which bring the soft balmy weather of spring, is generally devoted to the making up of wash goods, so these frequently appear in advance of woollen materials intended for earlier spring wear. The cotton or wash goods are exquisite not only in design but in the soft massing together of many colors. The floriated designs which have been so popular in the rich winter materials, have been the guiding influence with Fashion, in creating her designs on materials for spring, and as if intended to accord with the season of sunshine and blossom, the cotton materials show lovely combinations of flowers and leaves in a small graceful tracery of vines or tiny boquets.

As a few new woollen goods have also appeared on the scene, it will not be amiss to give them a few words of description. The colors are moss, beige, brown and mastic, and are in one color, or two shades of a color, forming narrow stripes, while we can also welcome the familiar and popular navy blue and olive. The surface is very soft in finish, resembling the flannel textures and without lustre. A material which will find popularity with those who prefer or wear black is a soft thin mesh material, resembling bunting, and called "camel's hair barege." Other woollens in colors show a design of tiny checks, which is more the effect of coloring than in the weaving; the plaids which had a certain popularity in woollen materials during the winter, do not seem to have secured a place in the list of spring goods, and appear only as a border for plain colored cotton goods, in which position they do not introduce many colors. The favorite designs in wash goods are evidently very small "polka dots," or flowers, and stripes in woollen materials, but the cotton goods, by their loveliness of design, seem to claim more attention at present. The popularity which satin attained during the winter has exercised its influence on the surface of many of the cotton materials, which show a soft shining gloss on their surface, finely twilled yet perfectly soft and flexible in texture. The designs are in tiny, gracefully arranged flowers, or in small arabesques, the colors of both being exquisitely combined.

Among these early novelties which Mr. Wanamaker exhibits, I saw some soft cotton armures called moiré cloth—lovely designs in tiny flowers in which rosebuds with small leaves, forget-me-nots, or bluettes, formed a delicate tracery over a cream ground; in others, the flowers were very small violets and forget-me-nots, on which stripes over an inch apart were composed of small shaded olive leaves, with an occasional long-stemmed flower. The grounds in which these designs are carried out are in the shades of sky blue cream French gray and white. Other satteens showing the same soft twilled armure surface, are in narrow stripes quite close together; these are in light blue and white, rose and white, and white with violet. There are also stripes of two contrasting colors, such as gray with rose, or rose with blue, or cream with blue. Another novelty in these cotton goods showed a basket weave around the threads, having a crinkled effect, which has been seen in some of the thin fabrics used for evening costumes this winter. A small arabesque design showed the most delicate shades of turquoise blue, rose and olive on a white ground.

The floral designs were very small—tiny forget-me-nots, long-stemmed corn flowers or rosebuds, and buttercups and violets.

The calicoes show small floral designs on a cream, gray or mixed ground. A mixed black and white ground producing the effect of a dark gray had small clusters of pink roses, leaves and white daisies. Others which I noted had single flowers scattered over the surface. A design which seems to attract every one is the small polka dots. The prettiest of these had a cream ground with red dots, another with light blue dots, while I noticed a creamy ground with brown dots and others with navy blue. The familiar navy blue ground with white dots is also in the list, —the dots are very small, and therefore are much prettier in effect than in the large dots popular a few years ago. These generally have a border of eight narrow stripes—the stripes partaking of the color of the dots. The texture is very soft, resembling foulard, and promises to be among the most popular. The soft toile d'Alsace, or ginghams, which have been in favor for several seasons, again appear in very pretty combinations. They have the additional merit of washing well, which is one of the most important considerations for a summer costume intended for every day wear. These are in soft tints of blue, pink gray, and brown, with a slight mingling of white.

The new costumes intended for spring have basques or coats with vests, and overskirts draped with a more bouffant effect than has been generally used. The leading features of the models which are in use now will be the predominant ones of the spring styles. The same combination effects will be produced, and instead of making the wash dress of one material as of old, the striped and floral designs will be combined, one forming the foundation for the other as a trimming; the vest being different from the coat, and of the same material which is used to trim the skirt as a bias band or as revers on the side.

The summer costume will partake more than ever of the taste for fantasy which has evidently influenced Fashion so much in her winter creations.

Each season in Fashion developes a new nomenclature for colors, as well as the many materials and designs for our garments, and even though the new shades have long been familiar to us, they have the pleasant suggestion of novelty by their new names, which for the coming season are especially suggestive of prettiness. The lovely tints popular for China decoration have been called into requisition to color in pretty lines the new materials, and we have the dark faience blue or lighter Sevres blue, while other shades of blue have a mingling tint of green which produces the peacock turquoise and sapphire blues. The new green tints have lost their yellowish hue and partake of a grayish shade.

White has a soft creamy or ivory shade, which is more becoming than the blue white introduced this winter. Soft silvery grays will be used in combination with warm richer colors, and the popular old gold, chestnut and beige browns will still retain their favored place, while the various shades of red, such as garnet and cardinal will also be retained.

The new shapes for bonnets and hats have also made their appearance among the wholesale houses. There is as yet but little change to note in the texture of straw, the fine chip and coarser straws will be seen in their usual variety; it is not the texture of the straw which attracts interest, but the shape, for on that the whole question or problem of the new spring bonnet revolves. The shapes will resemble very much the Directoire worn this winter and last autumn, a large square crown and flaring brim with the sides close to the face. The practical simplicity of the Alsatian bow trimming will no doubt retain it among the popular style of trimming straw bonnets, although as a natural sequence to the necessity of a change Fashion no doubt will give it some modifications under which it will have the desired air of novelty. She probably will banish the small close cottage shape, on the plea of being inappropriate for the season; still a little later Fashion's vagaries may assume a different direction. I can recognize in the new shapes of round hats much that is familiar; the Derby is still a popular one, while for more dressy occasions a wide brim is turned up in any way or direction which fancy or becomingness can suggest.

Among the most attractive articles for millinery are the exquisite gauzes and silks for trimming. The gay designs of the *jardiniere* silks, pekins and brocades, which have been used for combination in costumes, have furnished the designs for these materials for bonnets, in which the new shades will be blended together. From the fact that these silk and gauze materials have appeared in such charming variety and elaborate designs, we may infer that they will be used as a bonnet trimming, frequently without the addition of feathers or flowers. The pekin gauzes are in contrasting stripes, one of which is sometimes velvet; in others the stripes alternate, with one of velvet in two colors, forming checks, while a still gayer variety has a brocaded stripe. The *jardiniere* silks have a brocaded design of tiny flowers in exquisite contrasts, of flowers and back ground, of satin or silk. These are considered especially pretty for soft crowns.

In conclusion I would give my readers a slight description of the immense reduction Mr. Wanamaker has recently made in his imported costumes in order to make a place for his spring openings. They are composed of the finest materials in combinations of silk, velvet and damasse. One costume especially notable for its comme il faut appearance was a combination of seal brown velvet and silk, with a mingling of damasse in brown and cream, which was originally marked at $250 is reduced to $100. A bronze brown and olive silk costume with drapery of dark olive velvet with a brocade design in blue forget-me-nots, and old gold leaves was originally $150, and also reduced to $100. A very useful and stylish costume of hunter's green silk skirt with several plaitings and drapery of green cashmere foule was reduced from $100 to $35. A handsome black gros grain silk princess house dress or wrapper made with the skirt pleated in the back under a postillion composed of four pointed tongues, or tabs, was marked $25, and an embossed velvet and silk costume in two shades of seal brown, was reduced to $50. The reductions are far below the intrinsic value of the materials, which are of the best quality, and when well worn for a season, would supply handsome material for renovation into a new costume.

Fireside Chat.

LATELY, when on a visit to a house where the dinner-table decoration is much thought of, I saw some varieties of what is called "a water bouquet," which, I think, your readers who do not already know it may be glad to hear about, especially at this time of year, when flowers are scarce, and ingenuity is taxed to the uttermost for novelty and variety. The articles required are a glass dish (circular) and a low glass shade to fit inside the dish. You then make a bouquet according to the size of your shade, as there must be a margin of an inch or so between the glass and the flowers. The few flowers—and very few will suffice if the shade is small—should be lightly put together, with fern or moss arranged much as possible to hide the stalks, which must be tied firmly together, and cut close. To look well for the centre of a dinner table, the shade should not be smaller round than a pudding plate. A larger size would look even better; but the difficulty in making it is the quantity of water required, as you must place the dish in the bottom of a bath, with sufficient water to go over the top of the shade. Then weight the bouquet, which has already been made (this can be done by attaching the glass stopper of a decanter to the short stalks of the flowers), to make it stand upright and prevent the bouquet from floating; a smaller stopper on each side would perhaps keep it more upright. Place the bouquet in the centre of the dish which is at the bottom of the bath, and take the shade, holding it sideways underneath the water, and place it carefully over the flowers, resting it on the dish. Care must be taken to keep the shade well under the water, as, when the bouquet is completed, the shade must be quite full of water, to the exclusion of all air. Lift the whole thing out of the water, slowly and with care; dry the dish and place it on the table. It is unnecessary to say that it will be very heavy. The effect is beautiful, as the flowers appear magnified through the water, and a sparkling silvery effect is given to the leaves. This bouquet will last for two or three days as it is, and by changing the water for much longer. I must not omit to mention that in removing the shade it must be placed underneath the water and care must be taken to do this gradually, or the glass may crack and break. Even if the flowers have a withered look when seen without the water, they appear fresh again when the water is renewed. A bouquet in this way renovated has been known to last over a month. Lycopodium looks very well with the flowers, so do any scraps of fern. If other flowers are not forthcoming, holly and laurustinus with the leaves stripped off, leaving only the flowers, are most effective. Adding a wreath of real fresh flowers or moss round the edge of the dish outside enhances the beauty, and makes a tasteful centre-piece. This can be done with a real wreath, or by filling the small glass troughs, forming a circle. Very small water bouquets can be made with finger glasses, and pink ones have a pretty effect. AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

I think your readers will be pleased with a description of some holland chair covers which attracted my attention the other day. They had a very large monogram in red braid in the centre of each. It was about six or seven inches long, and broad in proportion. A small mat that was in a window was bound, to match the covers, with red twill, and had the monogram in a medallion in the centre. In the same house the counterpanes were bordered with broad bands of red twill, with coarse white lace insertion over it, the curtains being caught back with broad bands to match. At each end of the pillow case was an insertion of this coarse lace, about three inches wide, under which showed the red twill, which was sewn on to the pillow itself, and not to the pillow case. It had much the effect of Russian embroidery at a little distance. A door which if not wanted for use can be rendered ornamental by fixing in looking-glass into the panels, adding red ribbon velvet, or some sort of ornamentation, as a finish round, according to the panels, and fixing on little brackets or shelves, on which to arrange china or glass ornaments. If the door is deep set in the wall, this has a very good effect. Edging the shelves with thick white or cream lace is an improvement. A very pretty table cloth attracted my attention in a boudoir a short time ago. It was of pale blue oatmeal cloth bordered with a band about five inches wide, of black velvet. On it, at equal distances, were sewn red cretonne roses, with a few leaves. These were arranged in a slanting position, and were appliqué on the velvet, and veined with silk. It had the effect of a wreath of roses twisted round the velvet, and was very graceful. The curtain and mantel-shelf valance were all worked to correspond. Colored sheeting would also make a good ground work. A chair was worked in much the same way in coarse holland. A beautiful fan was shown me recently. It was of cream silk with flowers painted on, the chief ones being colored roses, in the centre of which were the heads of children cut out and fitted into the centres, and beautifully tinted. They were but photographs, and the portraits of the lady's children to whom the fan belonged. A tea cosy was arranged in much the same style. On one side was a group of painted flowers, surrounding like a frame the photograph of the worker and giver, which was tinted delicately, and put on with gum first, before being framed. The cosy was of pale blue silk.

EUSSOINERIES.

Some Useful Hints.—Hand-screens are so often described, that a real novelty alone induces us to mention them, viz: A screen of dark brown plush, representing the well-known group of Paul and Virginia. The faces, hands and feet are painted on cartridge paper, and the dresses cleverly managed with satin scraps, even to the maiden's bodice with chalk bead buttons. Woollen tufts and cord finish the edge of the screen, and also conceal the handle. Interesting pictures might be similarly contrived with fashion plates and pieces of silk.

Woolwork is grounded or ungrounded, according to the material and design, hence Penelope canvas generally exhibits satin or tent stitch subjects with a filling in of basket, Gobelins, or long stitches, while Java forms the background to its own geometrical patterns. A most striking pillow of this sort is dotted with octagons of triple colored chantille, surrounding silk stars. A coarse and evenly woven hessian makes a good foundation for rugs worked with bold carpet designs in leviathan stitch. Squares and bands of cross-stitch—used conjointly with plain material, as velvet, plush or satin—are disposed either in frames or centres, the skilful join showing no irregularity of surface. The middle may describe a rectangle or square, the latter often placed diamond fashion, while the bands encircle a tufted centre, and in other cases ornament vertically chairs, cushions, screens, &c., with alternating insertions. The newest stripe are narrow; five are requisite for an arm chair, and three for an ordinary one. In fancy seats, each band terminates in a point with tassels and falls loose, the central one longest or shortest, as preferred. In this way also remnants of old tapestry come to hand most conveniently; and, no complete pattern being necessary, the smallest scraps may be seamed in. Nothing looks more elegant for a work table cover than an odd piece of embroidered Persian linen, and a three-inch bordering of black velvet and variegated tassels. Whilst on the subject of table covers, we may mention an Indian specimen, showily and yet rapidly worked. The edge, dovetailed vandykes of two colors, is wrought with chain and rope stitches, and from each corner starts a fan-shaped cluster of flowers, their glowing tints harmoniously rendered. Smaller cloths, suitable for gipsy tables, exhibit a medallion of gold basket stitch, surrounded with silk blossoms.

Answers to Inquirers.

M. D. W., (Mason, Ky.,)—The authoress is an English lady of position and wealth, who, as yet, has not thrown off her nom de plume.

A. (Duffield, West Va.)—Your best plan would be to write direct to the company. We do not know the names of the parties you mention.

J. M. W., (New Castle, Pa.)—You should communicate with some dealer in old coins, about the disposition of those in your possession.

BETA, (Preston, W. Va.)—It seems to be simply a case of indigestion; but you have not given sufficient details. You had better consult a medical man.

PUZZLED, (Clinton, N. Y.,)—You are right enough in your determination, but we have a pretty poor opinion of this fellow. He ought to speak out or leave you.

KARE, (Greene, Pa.)—This young lady desires us to tell her "what the secret of beauty is," and we cannot do it; we did not even know that beauty had a secret.

DRUGGIST, (Lafayette, La.)—The American Journal of Pharmacy is a monthly, published in this city by the College of Pharmacy. The subscription price is $3 per year.

B. W. (West Penn, Tex.)—It is against our rules to give such information through these columns. If the case is urgent you might address Wills' Eye Hospital, Phila., Pa., or Branch of Philadelphia Dispensary 14th & Chestnut sts, Phila.

ADDIE, (Amesbury, Mass.)—The conduct of the young man seems suspicious, but we should not advise you to break off the engagement (unless you obtain the additional evidence of his inclination to flirt with another young lady.

P. P. C., (Camden, N. J.)—It is consistent with etiquette for people to call on a newly-married couple immediately after their return from passing the honey-moon, it being understood that the presence of visitors will not be intrusive.

IGNOR, (Belknap, N. H.)—Amor sceleratus habendi is Latin, and means literally the accursed love of having. Pro hac vice means, for this occasion; thus, "Mr. Binks, the original chairman being ill, Mr. Simpkins will, pro hac vice be chairman."

P. G., (Phila., Pa.)—Trials of any consequence, whether in the criminal courts, or elsewhere are reported in the papers. Cases as you describe are not confined to any particular journal. If you wish to know the details relative to some special case, you must employ a lawyer to institute the requisite inquiries.

A. B., (Washington, D. C.)—Except in rare cases it is customary for persons who have been engaged and become estranged to return all letters and keepsakes to one another. When one party has good reason to believe that the other meditates the taking of some unfair advantage, the party who is under such apprehension would have a right to retain any letters or other things which self-defence might render necessary.

DEVOTEE, (Amherst, Va.,)—The only real wild horses are those found in America, in Texas, California and parts of South America, with perhaps a few in the north part of Asia. History does not record when man first tamed the horse and put the bit in his mouth. The wild horse of to-day in both North and South America did not originally belong there, but were brought by the Spanish invaders of Mexico and Peru.

CASUAL, (Delaware, Va.)—If you will be able to marry the girl in three or four years, by all means continue the acquaintance, since she is willing to wait. But if you feel certain that even then you will not be in a position to make good your word, you had better discontinue it. By longer delaying a decision of the matter would be to increase your own misery, and do her an injustice by preventing other admirers from paying their addresses.

BOSTONIAN, (Wabash, Ind.)—On the contrary Edmund Burke advocated the rights of the colonists in the English Parliament. The question of instructing the Governor of Massachusetts to report all treasons and to send the offenders to England to be tried under a statute of the Bill of Henry VIII., which provided for the punishment of treason out of the kingdom, came up in the Commons, and Burke made an eloquent speech against it. But the vote was in favor of the proposition, 88 to 39. You have therefore lost.

J. L., (Agricola, Kansas,)—No one can advise you what branches of knowledge to pursue, or what books to read, unless the adviser knows more about you than we do. As a general rule, that knowledge will alone do you any good which you acquire with a relish. Curiosity is the appetite of the mind. Food eaten with a keen relish does you good, is easily digested, but food that is loathed is not beneficial. If you would profit by your reading, you must read about something respecting which your curiosity is alive.

W., (Macon, Texas.)—Men do not always fall in love with women on account of their personal beauty. If none but beautiful girls got married, there would be a much larger number of single ones than there now is. Because you are lame, it is no reason that a respectable, true-hearted, and sincere-minded young man should not desire to have you as his wife. He may have seen in you certain qualities which have gained his esteem, won his love, and convinced him that you will make him a suitable partner in life. Be not distrustful, therefore, but accept a proposal which seems to us (from what you tell us) is made in all honesty of purpose.

CHARLES, (Wilcox, Ala.)—There is no doubt as to the obligation of every man to pay his debts; nor is there any doubt as to the fact that a man may sometimes be so situated that he cannot pay his debts, or any portion of them, and that without any fault of his own. But, again, a creditor has a right to look into a debtor's affairs, and be personally satisfied as to his inability to pay. In such cases, creditors will of course be apt to proceed each according to his own nature—some gently, some brutally; some leniently, some relentlessly, and so on. You must be your own judge as to which course you will take with the person to whom you refer.

OLD SCHOOL, (Clearmount, Pa.)—1. Grammar is the science of written or spoken language, and necessarily had its origin in the latter form, with the birth of mankind. 2. "Eureka" is Greek and means "I have found it." 3. Stoke-upon-Trent is an English town in Staffordshire on the Trent river. 4. Hester is a form of Esther and means "secret or hidden." 5. Polly, Minnie, Mollie, Mamie, are pet names for Mary or Maria, both of which mean "sorrowful or bitter." 6. Margaret means "a pearl." Nancy is a pet name for Ann which means "gracious." George means a "husbandman" 7. Jane is the feminine form of John and means "the grace of the Lord." 8. The other names, we think, you have not written correctly. We have never heard of the mathematician you speak of. If there was any possibility of his being the greatest living, it is more than likely that we would have done so. 9. The greatest countries in the world for gold and silver are California and Australia. 9. The Latin language is not at present spoken by any nation. It ceased to be a living language about the sixth century. 10. Italy is far ahead of America in all that pertains to music. We have never heard the word "apple" used for a girl's name. 11. Black-and-Tan is merely a vulgarism generally applied to terrier dogs of a mingled black and brown color.

BROWNIE, (Arundel, Pa.)—The Zonale or horse-shoe geranium derives its name from the dark concentric stripe or zone with which its leaves are always marked. This is its particular distinguishing feature as compared with others. 2. Worcester and Webster both accentuate "pariah" on the first syllable. The former marks the "i" obscure, that is, neither long nor short, and the latter leaves it in embryo undecided. 3. Of course, in the case you mention, the acknowledgment of the invitation should be made to the parents of the bride. No particular form of acceptance is required. That which says all that is necessary in the fewest and plainest words is best. 4. The turned down corner of a visiting-card indicates that the visit is paid to two or more of the family. 5. Penmanship, spelling and composition good—far above the average. Handwriting is a rather decisive indication of character, and we would hardly care to sketch yours from it. Making a venture, however, we should judge that you are somewhat impulsive, and consequently, sometimes thoughtless. You act first and then anxiously wonder whether you did right or not, generally remaining dissatisfied, no matter what conclusion you come to. 7. Respecting the items of dress, the good taste we are sure you have, with the opinions of your friends, should enable you to decide much better than we could. 8. In our opinion you are entirely right, and your friend grievously in the wrong. "In order to make friends you must show a friendly disposition" is the best creed in the world.